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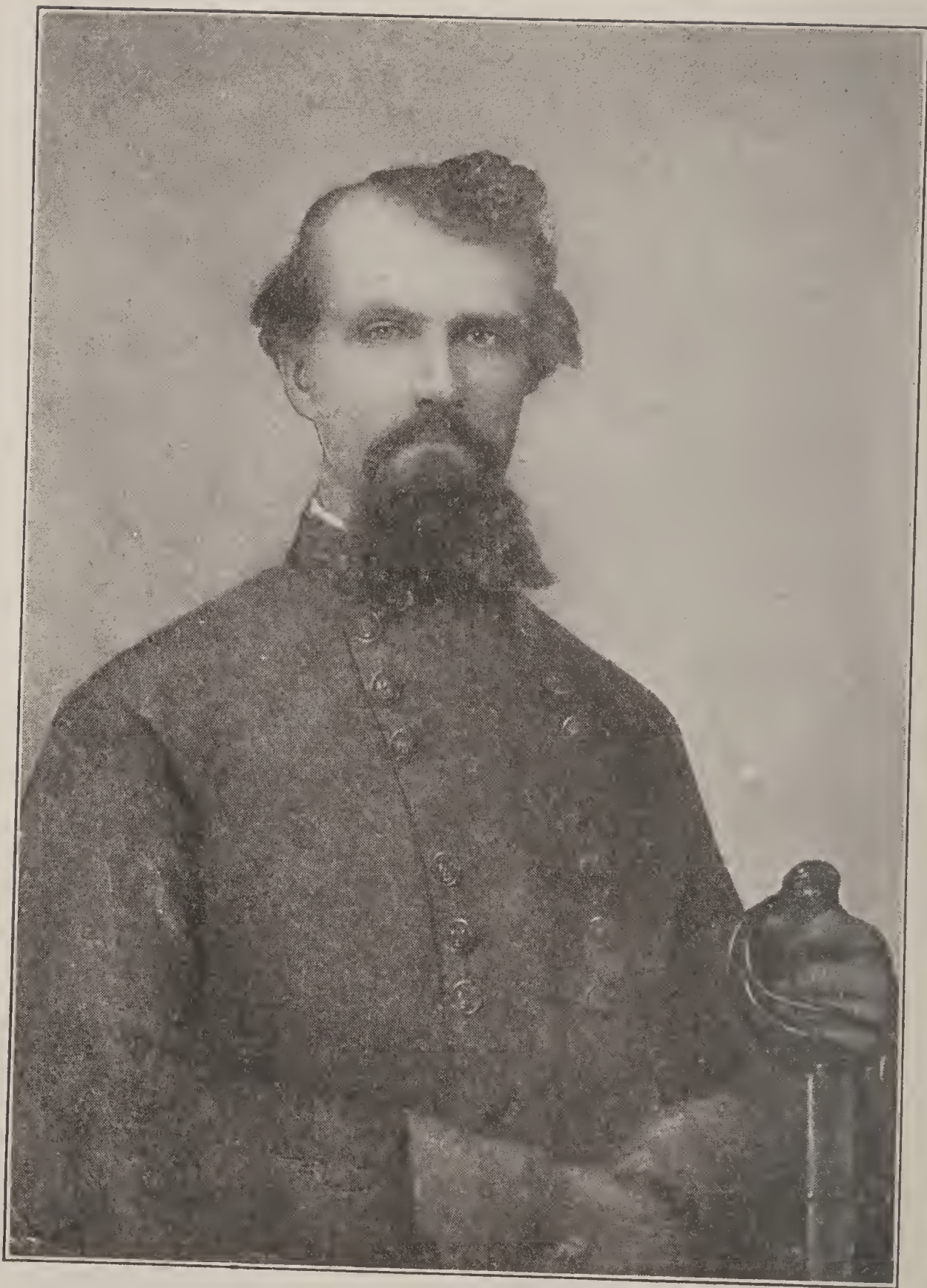
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NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

PREFACE

The present is thought to be a fitting time for bringing to the minds of children the life-story of one of the most heroic of Americans. The history of this country presents no parallel to the career of Nathan B. Forrest, who won a place among the foremost soldiers of a war distinguished for generals of ability and high professional training.

The exploits of Forrest are among the chief glories of the Confederacy. In Virginia the Confederate army was led by some of the greatest generals the world has known, and it went from victory to victory. In the West, on the other hand, the Southern army suffered from poor leadership, and its history is that of heroic valor and endurance in the face of heavy odds and in spite of every disaster.

A single ray of constant victory gilded the darkness of Confederate defeat in the West—the career of Forrest. Until his last battle at Selma, when he was overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, the great cavalryman seldom fought without conspicuous success. In the midst of armies defeated and breaking-up, his skill and courage shone with brilliant light. With the passing of time and a proper understanding of what Forrest accomplished with the smallest of means, his fame has so grown that there are not wanting those who hold him to be the greatest military genius that the American continent has produced.

In the preparation of the book, full use has been made of Dr. John A. Wyeth's *Life of General Nathan Bedford*

Forrest, which is a monument of scholarship and a work of great literary charm. Other books, such as Du Bose's *General Wheeler and the Cavalry of the Army of Tennessee*, General Richard Taylor's *Destruction and Reconstruction*, J. Harvey Mathes' *General Forrest*, and the *Southern Historical Society Papers* have been found valuable. Acknowledgment is also due Nathan Bedford Forrest, Jr., the grandson of the general, for a letter to his father published in the text, and for the picture used as a frontispiece.

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Forrest fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that struggle deserves better of her; and as long as the deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing them, the name of this gallant general will be remembered with love and admiration.

—LORD WOLSELEY.

Life of Nathan B. Forrest

CHAPTER ONE

EARLY LIFE

Among the great soldiers whom America has given to the world, few names stand higher than that of Nathan B. Forrest, the cavalry general. The story of his life should be known to every boy and girl. It shows us that courage and hard work lead to the highest success in spite of every hindrance. It teaches the good lesson of faithfulness to duty in the face of the greatest difficulties and dangers.

Nathan Bedford Forrest was born in Bedford county, Tennessee, on July 13, 1821. He opened his eyes in a poor cabin in the backwoods, far from cities and towns. The light came through the cracks between the rough logs which formed the walls of the little one-story house. There were no windows, but windows were hardly needed where holes were so many and so large.

One end of the cabin was taken up with a broad fireplace, where huge logs cut from the forest trees were burned.

Around the house was a cleared space of several acres, fenced with rails; a part of it was orchard and garden, the rest, cornfield. Across the road from the cabin stood a log blacksmith shop, from which all day long came the clink of a hammer as William Forrest, the father of Bedford,—the name by which the son was usually called,—worked at his trade.

William Forrest was a pioneer, as were his fathers before him. The first of these of whom we have knowledge was Shadrach Forrest, who moved from Virginia to North Carolina about 1740. When the settlements extended westward the Forrests went with them, and William Forrest was taken to middle Tennessee as a small boy.

He grew up to be a blacksmith, although he also worked on his farm, raising corn and other crops. In 1820 he married a girl of Scotch blood named Mariam Beck whose family had moved from South Carolina to Tennessee a few years before. William Forrest was a sober, honest,

hard-working man, and he did his best to care for a large family. The little that is known of him shows him to have been a man of worth, a fit father for a great soldier.

It was from his mother, however, that Forrest received those qualities that were to bring him great success in war and place his name on the roll of fame. Mariam Forrest was a remarkable woman. She stood nearly six feet tall and weighed one hundred and eighty-six pounds. Her blue eyes were gentle and kind, but her high cheek-bones, broad forehead and deeply-lined face told of her courage and great strength of will. It was this same iron will which made it possible for Nathan B. Forrest to overcome all obstacles.

On one occasion Mrs. Forrest showed her determination and bravery in a very striking way. The Forrest family had moved from Tennessee to Mississippi into a region little better than a wilderness. There were no roads, only paths through the dense woods, and all travel was on horseback. One day Mrs. Forrest and her sister, Fannie Beck, rode to a neighbor's house to pay a visit. Just as they were about to leave,

the neighbor made Mrs. Forrest a present of several chickens in a basket. The visit had been a long one, and by the time the two women were on their way home the sun had set. In the thick forest it soon began to grow dark.

When Mariam Forrest and her sister were about a mile from home, riding along the narrow path, they heard the scream of a panther in the bushes near by. The women at once knew that the animal was following them, hungry for the chickens, which it had scented. They urged their horses to a run in spite of the rough path. Fannie Beck, in front, shouted back to her sister to drop the chickens for the panther to eat. But Mrs. Forrest stoutly refused to heed this advice, and the chase went on.

Near the cabin the women were forced to rein in their horses to cross a creek. The panther caught up with them and leaped from the bank on Mrs. Forrest, striking her in the shoulder with his front paws and sinking his hind paws deep in the horse's back. Wild with pain and fright, the horse plunged, breaking the panther's grip. The beast, in falling, ripped the clothes from Mrs. Forrest's back and tore her flesh,

With blood streaming from her wounds, she kept hold of the chickens, and was still holding them when her son Bedford lifted her from the horse at the door of her home.

A little later the boy went into the woods with his dogs in pursuit of the panther. The dogs treed it, but Bedford had to wait until daylight in order to see. When dawn broke through the forest, there lay the great cat on the limb of a tree, lashing its tail and snarling at the dogs beneath it. Bedford shot the panther and carried home to his mother its scalp and ears.

Mariam Forrest long outlived her first husband and married a second time. By this latter marriage she had three sons and a daughter. The oldest of the sons, a lad of eighteen and a clerk in a nearby town, joined the Southern army in 1861. One day he came to his mother's farm clad in a fine gray uniform with brass buttons and gold lace. That evening his mother said to him, "Joseph, I want you to get up early in the morning and go to mill with a sack of corn." It was the custom of the country then to ride to the mill on horseback with a bag of corn and bring in return a bag of meal. Joseph

was troubled, however, because he was afraid that he would soil his uniform by riding on a meal sack.

The next morning everyone came to breakfast but the young soldier. His mother sent the negro servant to his room to awaken him. "I am not going to put up with any city airs on this place," she said. The servant came back in a few minutes with the message from Joseph that "he did not intend to go to mill; she might as well send one of the negroes with the corn." When the mother heard this impudent message, she was too surprised to move or speak for a moment. Then she rose from the table, saying that she would be back in a little while.

She went out into the garden, broke off several peach switches, and sought the sleeping warrior. Joseph was given the soundest whipping of his life, after which he was glad enough to put on an old suit of farm clothes and ride off to the mill. The mother returned to the breakfast table with red cheeks and flashing eyes. "Soldier or no soldier," she said, "my children will obey me as long as I live."

Such was the mother of the great general.

The home of the Forrests was built in the midst of great woods, and here Bedford spent his childhood. In many ways the life was a good one for the making of a soldier. The boy lived out of doors, working hard on the farm and learning to ride, swim, and shoot. He thus gained a strength of body that was to stand him in good stead in war; he also became a fine rider and marksman. He learned to depend on himself when hunting wild animals in the depths of the forest, and so grew up to be brave and manly.

Early in life he gave proof of his great courage. Once he was out picking blackberries with a number of other small children when a rattlesnake appeared. The children dropped their baskets and buckets and ran. Not so Bedford Forrest. He called to his playmates to come back, and when they failed to heed him killed the reptile with a stick. He went home, carrying the rattlesnake in triumph.

In 1834, when Bedford was thirteen years old, the family moved from middle Tennessee to northern Mississippi, into a section of country which had shortly before belonged to Indians.

The Indians had moved across the Mississippi river, leaving their lands open to white settlers. William Forrest built a small cabin on a stream in Tippah county and began to clear away the woods. The country was even wilder than the part of Tennessee where Bedford had been born. The boy had to work hard and there was almost no chance for schooling. He learned to read and write, but he had little or no time to give to other school studies. His mind, however, was quick and active, and he could always express his thoughts in forceful language. He knew so well the value of an education that when he began to prosper in business, he sent his younger brother to college and paid his expenses while there.

Bedford, the eldest son, had the whole burden of the family resting on his shoulders. When he was sixteen years old his father died, and he had to take his father's place. With his brothers' aid, he cleared the land of trees, raised crops of corn, oats, and cotton, and gathered some cattle and horses.

In later life, when he had become famous, General Forrest would tell how he worked all

day in the fields and came home at night to make buckskin leggings and shoes and coonskin caps for his little brothers. Nearly everything used was made on the place. The mother and aunt spun the yarn and cotton thread, wove cloth on wooden looms, cut and sewed the clothes and knit the socks. Little came to the backwoods farm from the outside world save sugar and coffee.

William Forrest's death did not bring greater poverty to his family, as is so often the case when the father dies. Bedford was a farmer and business man of such good sense and energy that by the time he was twenty years old, he had provided for his mother and brothers. There was no longer any danger of want.

Bedford was as brave and determined as he was hard-working and successful. A neighbor owned an ox which leaped fences at will and ate up Bedford's grain. Young Forrest again and again asked the neighbor to put a yoke on the ox, to keep him from jumping fences. The man did nothing, however, and Bedford at last lost patience; he gave warning that he would shoot the animal if it came again on his land.

When the ox once more leaped the fence into Bedford's field, the youth shot him dead with a rifle. The owner of the ox, who was plowing in a nearby field, ran up to the fence with his gun, ready to fight. Bedford loaded his rifle and quietly told the man that he would kill him if he tried to climb the fence. The neighbor was so much struck by Forrest's coolness that he stayed on his side of the fence and kept the peace.

A young man of this temper easily turns soldier. In 1841, when Forrest was twenty years old, a military company was raised in the neighborhood to go to Texas. Texas was not then a part of the United States; it was a country by itself, with its own government, but it was still in danger from Mexico, from which it had separated. Soldiers were raised for Texas in all the Southern States.

Bedford joined this company and went to New Orleans with it. Here the band halted, as there were no means of reaching Texas. Some of the men returned home; the others, among them Forrest, made their way to Houston, where they found that Texas had no need of soldiers. The

company at once broke up; the members were left to get home as best they could. Forrest worked as a farm hand until he earned enough money to carry him back to his plantation in Mississippi.

Pi' o neer: one who goes into a new, unsettled territory.

Ob' sta cle: something in the way; hindrance.

Marks' man: one who shoots well.

Tell a story that shows Mrs. Forrest's bravery. Tell one that shows how she managed her children.

Give an account of Forrest's birth and early surroundings.

Tell how Forrest helped to make his father's farm a success.

Give an incident that shows how brave and determined Forrest was.

Tell of Forrest's first experience as a soldier.

CHAPTER TWO

THE BUSINESS MAN

Bedford stayed on the farm a year longer. Then, in 1842, an uncle living in Hernando, Mississippi, offered to take the youth into his business. Bedford accepted the offer, remaining in Hernando until 1851. The business prospered and he grew to be well-to-do.

An incident in Hernando showed young Forrest's fighting spirit. His uncle, Jonathan Forrest, had made enemies of a family of planters; the quarrel ended in bloodshed. One day the planters, four in number, attacked Jonathan Forrest when he was in Bedford's company. The latter had nothing to do with the dispute, but he was shot at and wounded, while the elder Forrest was fatally hurt. Bedford, drawing a double-barreled pistol from his pocket, shot two of the men. As he had no other weapon, he would probably have been killed by the remaining planters, if a bystander had not handed him

a bowie knife. With this Bedford drove off his other enemies. It was so well known that he had fought solely in self-defense that he was not brought to trial.

In this year, 1845, when not quite twenty-five years old, Forrest married Mary Montgomery, a woman of education and charm. He made her acquaintance in a very romantic way. He was riding along one morning through the country when he came on a carriage stuck fast in a creek. Two ladies were looking helplessly from the carriage-windows, while two men sat on their horses nearby, making no effort to help them. Forrest waded out to the vehicle and carried the ladies to dry land. Then, with the help of the driver, he succeeded in getting the carriage out of the creek. His naturally high temper had been aroused by the behavior of the two men and he told them that if they did not leave at once he would thrash them well. The men rode away without replying.

The rescued women were Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter. Forrest asked permission to call on them, which was given. A few days later he paid a call and was astonished and disgusted to find waiting in the parlor the same

two men who were with the ladies at the creek. He again ordered them to leave, and they obeyed without a word.

Forrest fell in love with the beautiful Mary Montgomery and on his second visit asked her to marry him. The young lady was surprised and hesitated, but the suitor declared that the next time he came he would bring a minister and a marriage license. He did this, and they were married on September 25, 1845, a few weeks after their first meeting.

Mary Forrest was the best of wives, and Forrest's married life lasted with unbroken happiness until the day of his death. He had one son, William, who became a Confederate soldier at the age of fifteen, and a daughter, Fanny, who died in childhood.

For the next few years Forrest was engaged in business on a large scale. Cotton-planting made trade brisk and led to a demand for negro slaves, who were better able to work in the low grounds than white settlers. Forrest raised cotton, sold real estate, and traded in slaves. There was a strong feeling against slave-traders, even in the South, because they were sometimes

cruel to the negroes and often divided families. Forrest, by his honesty and his kind treatment of the blacks, overcame this feeling and won the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He kept his negroes clean, looked after their health, and took care not to part husbands and wives and mothers and children. Many slaves begged him to buy them because of his good name as a master.

Forrest was like a hero in a story book—he was constantly having adventures, in time of peace as well as in war. In 1852 he sailed on a steamer for Galveston from some point on the coast of Texas. The ship was old and worn-out, and the captain was a drunken, reckless man. In the night he began a race with another steamer. Forrest, rising, was surprised to find that the smokestacks were red-hot, the furnaces roaring, and the timbers creaking, while the drunken captain was ordering more fuel to be thrown into the flames.

Forrest pleaded with him to give up the race, but in vain. A few minutes later the boilers burst, killing sixty people, among them the captain. Forrest took an active part in rescuing

the wounded, escaping with only a bruised shoulder.

After living in Hernando for a number of years, he moved to Memphis. In the larger city he carried on his business with success. He was honest, hard-working and reliable, and had good judgment; before long he became one of the leading citizens of Memphis.

In 1859, Forrest gave up his real estate business and slave trading, in order to devote himself to cotton planting. He had bought vast tracts of land in Mississippi, which he farmed most successfully; he is said to have raised a thousand bales of cotton a year, yielding a profit of \$30,000. This was a very large income for those days. Starting out as a boy of sixteen with nothing in the world and a family to support, he had risen to be one of the wealthiest and most respected men in his section. What he had done had been done by means of hard work and good common sense. He had earned his success.

Not long after moving to Memphis, Forrest showed his power over other men, that power which was later to make him a famous soldier.

One day as he walked along the street he heard a great noise and found that a mob was breaking into the county jail for the purpose of lynching a prisoner.

With no thought of his own safety but anxious only to save a life, Forrest rushed into the jail and threw himself between the prisoner and the mob. Drawing a knife and holding it high in his hand, he called out in loud tones that he would kill anyone who laid hands on the trembling man. He then made so strong an appeal to the better feelings of the crowd that the lynching was at once dropped.

Forrest was elected an alderman and served Memphis with great zeal and ability for several years. A story is told of him which shows his sense of honor, his scorn of wrong-doers. On one occasion he went with other aldermen to examine a stone wharf which had just been built for the city. On account of some small defect, several of the aldermen wished to condemn the whole piece of work. Forrest asked them on what ground they had come to make their decision.

“We have decided to condemn the whole job,”

said one of them. "That will break up the contractor, and then we can give the work to our friends. We want you to help us."

Forrest turned on the speaker with blazing eyes. "You scoundrel!" he cried. "Do you think I am as big a rascal as yourself? If you make any such proposal to me again, I will break your neck."

The work was accepted and it still stands, a monument to Forrest's honesty.

Ro man' tic: unusual, like a tale in a story book.

Lynch' ing: unlawful killing by a mob.

In' come: amount of money coming to one in a year.

Tell of Forrest's first meeting with his wife.

Give an account of his life as a business man in Hernando and in Memphis.

Give an incident that shows his honesty.

Give an incident that shows Forrest's fighting spirit; one that shows his power over other men.

CHAPTER THREE

THE CAVALRY COLONEL

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States as an opponent of slavery. His election was soon followed by the secession of the Southern States from the Union.

The South believed that the right of self-government was in danger from Northern attacks on slavery. The North and South had quarreled over the questions of allowing slaves to come into the territory of the Union and of admitting new States to the Union as slave States or free States. A part of the Northern people had come to hate the South on account of slavery; and in October, 1859, a man named John Brown had made a raid into Virginia for the purpose of setting free the slaves and robbing the slaveholders. He was captured and hanged for murder and treason, along with several of his followers.

The two sections had been growing apart for many years. There was little in common be-

tween the manufacturing North and the cotton-raising South, with its great plantations worked by negroes. When Lincoln was elected, the South thought that the time had come for it to set up its own government—a government which would be free from interference.

In the winter of 1861, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Louisiana, and Georgia left the Union and formed the Confederate States of America. Later, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas joined the young Confederacy, which fixed its capital at Richmond, Virginia.

The United States government would not admit the right of a State to leave the Union, and thus the great war broke out in 1861.

Tennessee was the last State to secede. Opinion was a good deal divided in Tennessee. East Tennessee, the mountain country lying west of North Carolina, was largely opposed to secession; middle Tennessee, between the mountains and the Tennessee river, and west Tennessee, between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, favored the Southern cause. This difference lasted through the war.

Nathan B. Forrest was stoutly Southern in his feelings; he firmly believed in the right of States to form their own government and go their own way. A man so bold and so strong in his belief in the Confederate cause could not stay long out of the army, but Forrest had no wish for military rank. Although wealthy and respected, he entered the service as a private soldier in Josiah White's Tennessee mounted rifles, on June 14, 1861. This company afterward became a part of the famous Seventh Tennessee regiment, probably the finest cavalry regiment ever seen in America. It served with great glory through the whole war, surrendering May 9, 1865, at Gainesville, Alabama.

Such a leader of men as Forrest did not remain a private long, for good officers were sorely needed. He was given leave to raise a force of cavalry and set to work at once with his usual energy. Sending out agents to secure soldiers in Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, Forrest himself hastened to Kentucky, where he bought guns, pistols, blankets, and other military supplies.

By October, 1861, Nathan B. Forrest had

raised a force of eight companies of mounted men, numbering six hundred and fifty in all. He was elected lieutenant-colonel, and D. C. Kelley, major. In spite of his efforts to get weapons for his men, one-half of them had nothing better than double-barreled shotguns, which they had brought from home, and many of the others were poorly armed.

As soon as the troops were ready for duty, they were sent to aid Colonel Heiman, who was throwing up an earthwork on the Cumberland river, afterward known as Fort Donelson. Some one wrote at this time: "Colonel Forrest's regiment of cavalry, as fine a body of men as ever went to the field, has gone to Fort Donelson. Give Forrest a chance and he will win glory."

The first fighting took place when Forrest's cavalymen fired on the Federal gunboats and freight steamers on Cumberland river. No great damage was done, but it pleased Forrest to see that his men behaved well under fire.

In December, 1861, he started out on the first of those raids which were to make him famous. He struck north into Kentucky and reached the Ohio river, gathering hogs, cattle, and horses

and driving them south for the use of the Confederate army. At the village of Sacramento, Forrest came across a body of five hundred Federal cavalry. In this, his first battle, he showed his inborn ability for war. Dismounting a part of his force to hold the enemy in front, he sent mounted men to the right and left to fall upon their flanks. The Northern horsemen, attacked in front and on both sides, broke and fled, leaving a number of killed and wounded. Forrest's commander, General Clark, wrote in his report: "It was one of the most brilliant and successful cavalry engagements that the present war has seen."

Early in February, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest was ordered back to Fort Donelson, which he reached a few days later. By this time he had won the love and confidence of his men. Major Kelley says: "In the short period since its organization, the command found that it was his single will that was to govern their movements. Everything necessary to supply their wants and to make them comfortable he was quick to do, but he would not change his plans. To them everything had to bend."

Fort Donelson was one of the most important defenses of the Confederacy in the West. The fort was a strong earthwork on the Cumberland river near the Kentucky line and only a few miles from Fort Henry on the Tennessee river. It stood on a high hill overlooking the beautiful Cumberland and kept the Northern gunboats from going up that stream into Tennessee. As long as the Confederates held it, the Federal gunboats could do little in that State; if it were lost, the way would be open for the conquest of Tennessee.

General U. S. Grant, commanding the Federal army, captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee river, which was held by a small force of Confederates, and marched toward Fort Donelson. At the same time Commodore Foote steamed up the Cumberland river with a great fleet of gunboats.

As the Federal army slowly approached Fort Donelson, Forrest's cavalry held it back and obstructed its way. Cavalry, when present with an army, try to hinder the movements of the enemy's army and gain information about it. This duty Forrest did so well that the Southern



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FORREST AT FORT DONELSON

generals at Fort Donelson knew just what Grant was doing.

On February 13, 1862, the Federal army made an assault on the earthworks at Fort Donelson, but was driven back with heavy loss. The next day, Foote's gunboats attacked the batteries along the river with the same result. The boats dropped down the stream to get out of the range of the Confederate guns.

At this moment a large number of fresh troops joined Grant, and others were known to be on the way. The Southern generals decided, therefore, to attack Grant the next morning and open a way of escape for their troops to Nashville; they had given up the hope of holding Fort Donelson against Grant's growing army. John B. Floyd was in command of the fort; under him were Generals Buckner and Pillow.

General Pillow led the attacking column sent out against Grant, while Forrest went in front with thirteen hundred cavalry. It was in the gray dawn of a cold, dreary winter's day that Forrest took his place at the head of his men and rode out to his first great battle. He was the very picture of a soldier. A rider from

boyhood, he sat his horse with a firm and easy seat. His blue eyes looked out keenly from under a broad-brimmed felt hat. His wide, high forehead, broad nose, and square jaw, covered with beard, told of his strong, self-willed nature; his tall, broad-shouldered, muscular body showed his strength. He was about to prove his powers as a fighting man.

The Southerners came on the Federal lines about six o'clock. For two hours a fierce and bloody fight raged; then the Northern troops began to falter. Forrest, who was guarding the left wing of the Confederate army with his cavalry, now rode behind Grant's right wing. The moment the Federals wavered he saw that his chance had come and charged straight into the blue ranks at the head of his horsemen.

The Federals, hard pressed in front and attacked by Forrest in the rear, gave way at one point and another. It was the time for the Southern line to charge and win the battle. Forrest begged General Bushrod Johnson, commanding the Confederate left wing, to advance before the enemy could recover. Johnson refused because he could not find General Pillow

and get his consent to attack. The Southern line stood still.

Forrest would not stay idle, even if the generals made no effort to complete the victory. He charged a battery of six cannon and captured it, and later took two other pieces of artillery. His horse was killed in the charge, and for a time he was on foot in the midst of the enemy and in great danger. A second horse was killed under him a few minutes later.

The Confederates had had the better of the fighting so far, but they had not driven the Federals from the field. The generals now ordered the troops to fall back to the fort. The Federals, no longer pressed, advanced in turn, taking a small part of the outer breastworks. The losses on the Northern side had been far heavier, and the Confederate soldiers were in high spirits over their partial success. They thought that they would win a great victory the next morning.

Forrest was worn out with a day of hard fighting, but he was hopeful of the result; everywhere that his cavalry had fought they had been successful. At midnight he was sent for to at-

tend a council of the generals. What was his amazement, on reaching headquarters, to find that the commanders were talking of surrender! They told him that Grant's troops had gone back to the position they had held in the morning, thus cutting off the Confederates from the road to Nashville. Forrest spoke earnestly against surrender. He said that the army was not beaten and that it could easily escape if the fort was to be held no longer. Pillow agreed with the cavalryman; Floyd and Buckner thought that there was no hope. It was decided to surrender.

Forrest now showed his strength of character; his head was never cooler. Knowing that he could get away from the fort, he made up his mind not to yield, no matter what the rest of the army did. His scouts had learned that the road to Clarksville was open. It crossed a creek three feet deep and the weather was freezing cold, but no Federal soldiers barred the way.

Forrest lost no time in returning to his sleeping men and rousing them. Telling them of the state of affairs, he offered to take out of the fort all who would follow him. The soldiers at

once mounted their horses and rode after him into the darkness through the heavily-falling snow; they escaped with ease, while the rest of the Southern army laid down its arms next day.

Forrest made his way with his cavalry to Nashville. Here everything was in wild confusion. The Confederates knew that they could not hold the city after the fall of Fort Donelson and were preparing to go south. No efforts were being made, however, to save the vast quantities of provisions and stores piled up in Nashville for the use of the army.

Amidst the panic-stricken crowd, Forrest kept his head, working hard to move the supplies. He succeeded in saving the greater part of them and did not leave the town until the Federal troops were entering it. He then hurried with his cavalry to Murfreesborough, where General Albert Sidney Johnston, the Confederate commander in the West, was making ready to give battle.

In March, 1862, Forrest's command was raised to a full regiment and he became a colonel. For the next month he was in front of John-



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FORREST ESCAPING FROM FORT DONELSON

ston's army, holding the roads and scouting on every side to get information of the enemy's movements. At this time General Grant was at Shiloh with the army which had taken Fort Donelson. Forrest learned that General Buell, with a large force of troops, was on his way to the Tennessee river to join Grant. He at once sent the news to Johnston, who decided to strike Grant before Buell could come to his help.

The battle of Shiloh began early in the morning of April 6, 1862. The Confederates, advancing, drove back the Federals for more than a mile and seemed to have won a great victory. Forrest, in the very front of the Southern line, fought splendidly; his cavalry captured a Federal battery and kept General Prentiss from reaching the rest of the Northern army, now on the Tennessee river. Prentiss surrendered with three thousand of his men.

Never were the hopes of the Confederates higher than at this moment. The Federal army was beaten and flying, and the Tennessee river cut it off from retreat. Forrest, riding among the Confederate skirmishers, saw the disorder in the enemy's ranks; he sent word to General

Polk, commanding a wing of the Southern army, that one more charge of the infantry would drive the Northern troops into the river and end the battle. Just at this time, however, General Johnston was killed, and the Southern line halted.

The battle closed late in the afternoon. The Confederates had won a victory, but they had failed to destroy the Federal army, as they might have done. In the night Forrest's scouts brought him the news that steamboats were coming up the river in great numbers and landing troops at Grant's camp. Forrest at once went to General Beauregard, now in command of the Southern army, and told him that he must attack the enemy without delay or he would be beaten next day by Grant's new troops. Beauregard heard what Forrest had to say but did nothing; the Southern soldiers slept on through the night while the Northern army was busily preparing to renew the struggle at daylight.

Early in the morning, Grant advanced against the Confederate lines with twenty-five thousand fresh troops. The Southern army was pressed back by weight of numbers, and Beauregard

ordered a retreat. The Federals, flushed with victory, moved forward in pursuit.

The Confederates were in great danger. The duty of guarding the retreating army and holding back the advancing enemy fell on Forrest, the cavalry commander. He had done all possible to win a victory at Shiloh; he now saved the army by his skill and courage.

When the Federal horsemen began to press hard on the rear of the Confederates, Forrest turned suddenly on them with his whole force. The Federal cavalry were hurled back on the infantry behind, and the infantry thrown into a panic. The Southern troopers rode in among the enemy, shooting them down and cutting them with swords. Forrest was carried by his wild horse so far into the Federal ranks that he found himself alone and surrounded by blue-coats. Cries of "Shoot that man! Knock him off his horse!" arose on all sides. A bullet struck Forrest, passing through his back and lodging against the spine. He was barely able to keep his seat in the saddle and spur his horse out of the press.

This charge checked the pursuit of the South-

ern army, and Beauregard reached Corinth, Mississippi, without further loss. Forrest did not get over the wound for some weeks. He went back to duty the last of April, but the wound reopened and the bullet had to be cut out. His strength was so great, his health so perfect that he soon felt no bad effects from an injury which would have killed a weaker man.

Ter' ri to ry: a great tract of land.

Se cede': to leave, to go away from.

Se ces' sion: the act of seceding.

Cav' al ry: soldiers who fight on horseback.

In' fan try: soldiers who fight on foot; foot soldiers.

Ar til' ler y: great guns, cannon; also that branch of an army which fights with cannon.

Bat' ter y: a group of cannon.

Skir' mish ers: the soldiers going in front of an army as it enters battle.

Tell what led to the War between the States and name the States that seceded from the Union.

Show how Forrest's ability as a soldier was recognized.

Give an account of:

Forrest's first raid.

His service at Fort Donelson.

His work at Nashville.

His part in the battle of Shiloh.

His service in the retreat.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE RAIDER

From Fort Donelson to Shiloh, that is, through the first months of 1862, Forrest was with the Southern army. He gained news of the enemy's movements, guarded the wings of the army, and fought with great bravery in every battle; he also saved his own men at Fort Donelson and aided the Confederate retreat to Corinth. All this time he had been under the direct command of the Southern generals. He was now to show what he could do as a cavalry leader acting alone.

One of the chief duties of cavalry is raiding: that is, riding to the rear of the enemy's army, attacking wagon trains, tearing up railroad tracks and burning bridges—doing everything, in a word, to make it hard for the enemy to move forward. As a raider Forrest gained a name for himself that will last as long as the history of war; he was feared by the Federal generals to the very last.

When Forrest was once more able to fight, he found that the Confederate Generals Braxton Bragg and Kirby Smith were about to move north from Chattanooga to invade Kentucky. In June, 1862, he was suddenly told to raise a cavalry brigade; he was not allowed to take his famous regiment with him but had to build up an entirely new command. Nothing daunted by the loss of his brave and well-trained men, Forrest set to work with such energy that by the middle of July he had formed the brigade.

Use was soon found for it; Forrest made up his mind to attack the Northern garrison at Murfreesborough. His column reached the outskirts of the town in the morning of July 13, 1862. The Federal pickets halted the leading horsemen with the challenge, "Who goes there?" "A company of Federal cavalry on the way to join its regiment," was the reply. The sentinels did not find out the trick until too late; they were surrounded and ordered to lay down their arms. Not a gun had been fired, and the Federal garrison had no idea that the Southern troops were at hand.

Forrest quickly formed his plan for attack.

Dividing his force into three columns, he rode boldly into the town. Many of the Federal soldiers, taken by surprise, were made prisoners in the first rush. The Federal commander, however, rallied some of his men and formed a hasty stockade of army wagons arranged in a circle. One of the Confederate columns surrounded this wagon-stockade, waiting for Forrest to come up and take command.

Forrest had charged with a part of his men straight to the heart of the town, where the jail and courthouse were. The jail had been set on fire, but the Southern soldiers rushed inside the burning building, put out the blaze, and freed a number of Confederate prisoners. The doors of the courthouse were battered in, and then the Federal troops within threw down their guns and surrendered.

Forrest now turned to attack a force coming into the town. The Federals were quickly surrounded and forced to surrender. In this fight a soldier fired at Forrest from behind a wagon only a few feet away. The bullet missed its mark and the cavalry leader shot the man with a pistol.



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FORREST CAPTURING ARTILLERY AT MURFREESBOROUGH

By this time all the Northern troops had been captured except those in the stockade. Sending a flag of truce to the commander, Forrest ordered him to surrender. After considering the question a few minutes, the Federals yielded without further fighting.

Two of the Confederate prisoners in the Murfreesborough jail were awaiting death as spies. One of them, Lieutenant William Richardson, while a regular soldier, had been captured in citizen's clothes in company with a spy and so had been judged to be a spy himself. The two men were preparing for death when Forrest's cavalry came charging into the town. A Federal soldier set fire to the jail and the prisoners would have been burned alive if the brave Southern horsemen had not run in amidst the smoke and flames and saved them.

The taking of Murfreesborough was one of the finest cavalry feats of the war. It made Forrest famous. He had boldly ridden within the Federal lines and captured twelve hundred prisoners, four cannon, sixty wagons, and five hundred horses. He had also burned military stores worth \$500,000 and had torn up a rail-

road used for carrying supplies to the Northern army.

The raid had far-reaching results. It forced the Federal generals to draw their forces together to protect their supply stations, so that they had fewer men to use against the hard-pressed Southern army in northern Mississippi. The raid also brought Forrest to the notice of the Confederate government, which, on July 21, 1862, gave him the rank of brigadier-general.

Although the Federal troops were now marching from every side to surround Forrest, the raider did not mean to leave middle Tennessee without striking further blows. He rode from place to place, capturing small stockades, tearing up railroad tracks, and burning railroad bridges. The Federals tried in vain to catch him. General Buell sent this message to General Nelson, who was hunting Forrest: "Destroy Forrest if you can." Nelson wearily plodded after the raider back and forth across middle Tennessee and at last sent word to Buell: "In this hot weather, it is hopeless, with infantry, to chase Forrest's command mounted on race-horses."

Forrest at last turned toward Chattanooga to join Bragg's army, which was moving northward. He was not a moment too soon. The pursuers were closing in around him and the raider found himself in great danger. Learning that all the roads to the front and rear were held by the enemy in large numbers, Forrest hid his men in the woods until the Federals behind him had passed. Then he took again to the roads. Near McMinnville he was attacked by a Federal force just as his cavalry column was wheeling from the turnpike into a side road. Forrest, with that part of his force already in the side road, kept on his way, while the rear of the column, cut off by the enemy, rode into the fields and made its way across country to join the leader.

On September 3, 1862, Forrest reached Bragg's army at Sparta, Tennessee. Bragg sent him to oppose the Federal army under Buell, which was also marching northward. Bragg and Buell were racing for Louisville, and if Forrest could hold Buell back Bragg would have an advantage. Forrest did his work well. He fought Buell's advance so stubbornly that Bragg might

easily have reached Louisville if he had only hurried.

At this moment Forrest was taken from active service in the field. Most of Tennessee was in the hands of the Confederates, and Bragg thought that soldiers might be raised for the Southern cause. No officer in the army had met with greater success in getting soldiers than Forrest, and late in September, 1862, he was ordered to hand over his brigade to another officer and enroll a new force.

The loss of his brigade, which he had trained and led successfully, was a blow to Forrest. But he was thoroughly loyal and, without a word of complaint, began the task of building up another cavalry command. His fame as a leader was so widespread by this time that in little more than a month two thousand men gathered under his standard. The greater part of them were Tennesseans, but there were also Kentuckians, Alabamians, and Mississippians; among them were several of Forrest's best officers—Colonel James W. Starnes of the Fourth Tennessee cavalry and Captain John W. Morton of the artillery.

General Joseph Wheeler was now placed in command of all the Confederate cavalry in Tennessee. He at once sent Forrest with his new brigade into west Tennessee to break up the lines of supply in the rear of Grant's army, which was then in northern Mississippi. The men were poorly armed; some of them carried old flintlock muskets, shotguns and squirrel rifles. When Forrest asked Bragg for arms, he was told to take them from the enemy.

The task before Forrest was a difficult one. With a force of raw troops, half-armed, he had to cross the Tennessee river, nearly a mile wide, and fight the Northern cavalry, far more numerous, better-armed and better-drilled than his own men. Then when he had finished his raiding, he must recross the broad river into middle Tennessee.

The Tennessee river flows north across Tennessee, cutting the State in two. West Tennessee, the section lying between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, was filled with Federal troops, while to the south, along the Mississippi State line, lay Grant's great army. West Tennessee was, therefore, a kind of trap, since the

only way of escape from it lay in crossing the wide and rapid Tennessee.

By the middle of December, 1862, Forrest had safely passed over the Tennessee river and



GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

started out on his raid through west Tennessee. The crossing was mostly done at night, when the Northern gunboats could not discover what was going on. Small ferry boats were the only means of passage. Whenever a Federal gunboat came steaming along, the ferry boats were

run behind a wooded island and hidden—to be brought out again after the enemy had passed. In this way Forrest got his men over a river which would have stopped almost any other commander.

Once across the stream, Forrest took care to spread a report that his command was much larger than it really was. He did this to keep small forces of Federals from attacking him and to make them surrender easily when attacked. General Grant telegraphed to Admiral Porter: "Forrest and Napier are now on this side of the river with from five to ten thousand men." The Federal generals began to draw their forces together rapidly in order to capture the troublesome raider.

Meanwhile Forrest rode to Lexington, where he defeated a force of Federal cavalry, capturing Colonel Ingersoll, the commander. He then hastened west until he reached the Mobile and Ohio railroad near Jackson. The Confederates pressed northward along the railroad, destroying it mile by mile.

Colonel Starnes captured a stockade at Humboldt and burned a railroad bridge at that place.

Forrest himself took a larger stockade at Trenton, where vast quantities of cotton and supplies were destroyed. From Jackson as far north as Moscow, Kentucky, the railroad was completely torn up; not a foot of trestle-work remained, and not a culvert, while the rails were ruined by heating and bending them.

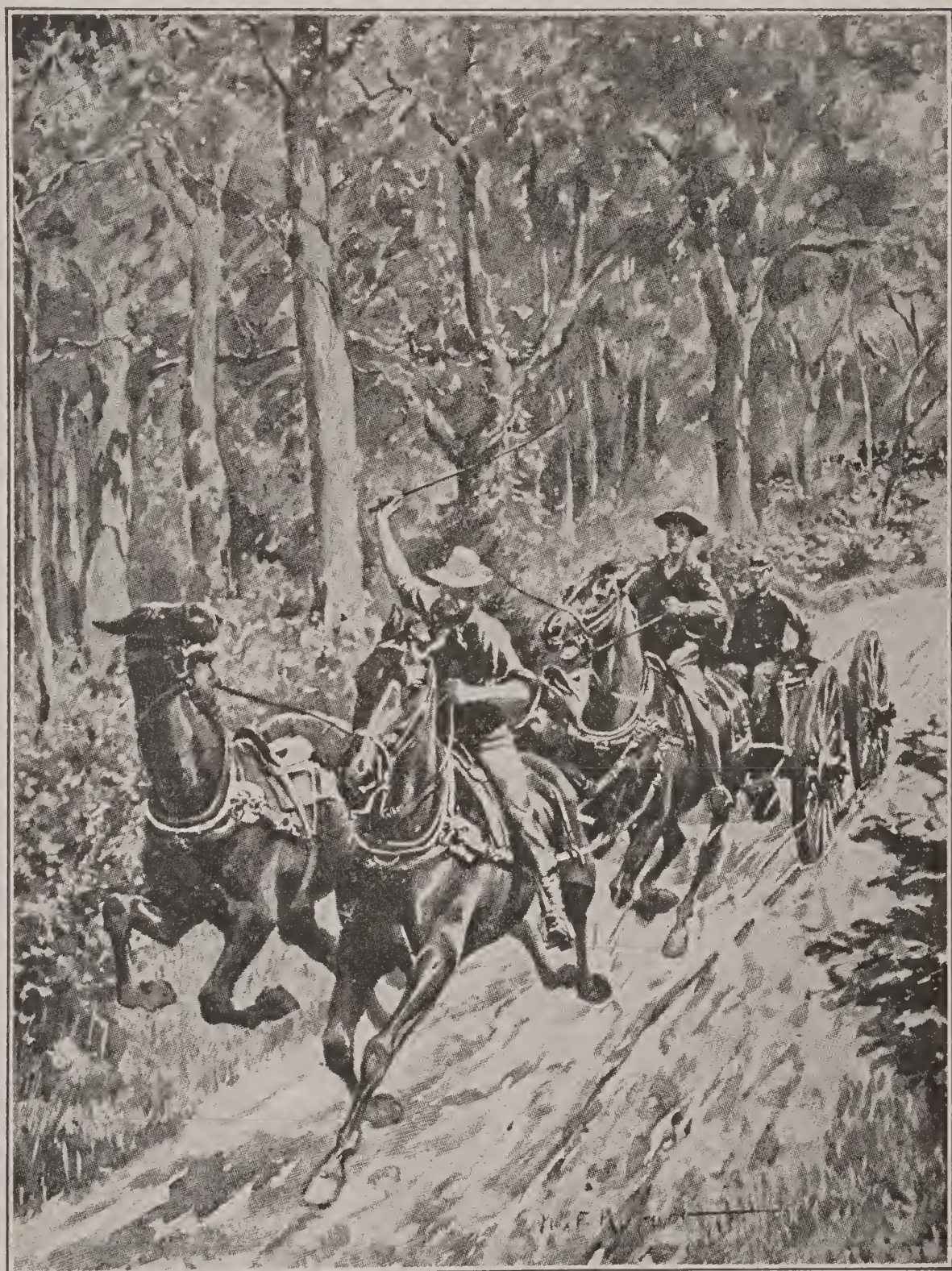
By this time the enemy were coming up on all sides, hoping to overwhelm him. On December 19, General Sullivan sent word to Grant: "I have Forrest in a tight place. The gunboats are up the river [Tennessee] as far as Clifton and have destroyed all the boats and ferries. My troops are moving on him in three directions, and I hope with success."

At McKenzie, Forrest learned that a force of the enemy was marching so as to get between him and the Tennessee river and thus cut off his retreat. As his single means of escape was in crossing the Tennessee, he at once turned in that direction. His first difficulty was in passing over the Obion river, a few miles south of McKenzie. All the bridges had been burned by the Federals but one, and that was thought to be too unsafe for use.

Forrest reached the bridge at dark and put his men to work repairing the timbers. All through the night and the next morning, the troopers labored at fixing the bridge and in getting across the horses, the artillery, and the long train of wagons carrying powder and supplies. The general worked beside his men, ax in hand, and drove the first wagon across the rickety bridge.

A short distance beyond the Obion, near Mc-Lemoresville, Forrest found himself between two bodies of Federal troops. The question was whether it was better to cross the Tennessee without delay or fight the Federal forces, one at a time. He decided on the bolder course and immediately attacked the enemy, under Colonel Dunham, at Parker's Cross-Roads, on December 31, 1862.

In this battle the Southern general used his artillery with great skill. Several times the Federal line of battle advanced toward his position but was driven back by a storm of grape-shot. Forrest now sent troops to gain the enemy's rear and demanded their surrender. Firing ceased and the Federals were about to



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FORREST'S ARTILLERY ADVANCING AT PARKER'S CROSS-ROADS

lay down their arms, when, suddenly, the other Federal force came up in the rear of the Confederates.

The Southern scouts, usually so watchful, had failed to warn their leader of the approaching column until it reached the field; he was caught between the two bodies of the enemy, each as large as his own command. It was a moment of great peril, but Forrest was equal to the need. Putting on a bold front to both the Northern forces, he drew his men and artillery out of the trap, though a number of his dismounted troopers were taken prisoner.

There was now plainly no time to lose in crossing the Tennessee river. This Forrest succeeded in doing on January 1, 1863. It was a feat seldom surpassed in war, for the enemy were coming down on him in great numbers and he had only two small ferryboats. The cannon were first sent across and put in position on the opposite shore. Then company after company of cavalry unsaddled their horses and piled blankets, guns, and other equipment on the ferryboats, which were loaded to the water's edge with men. Other troopers built rafts of

fence rails and logs large enough to hold five or ten men.

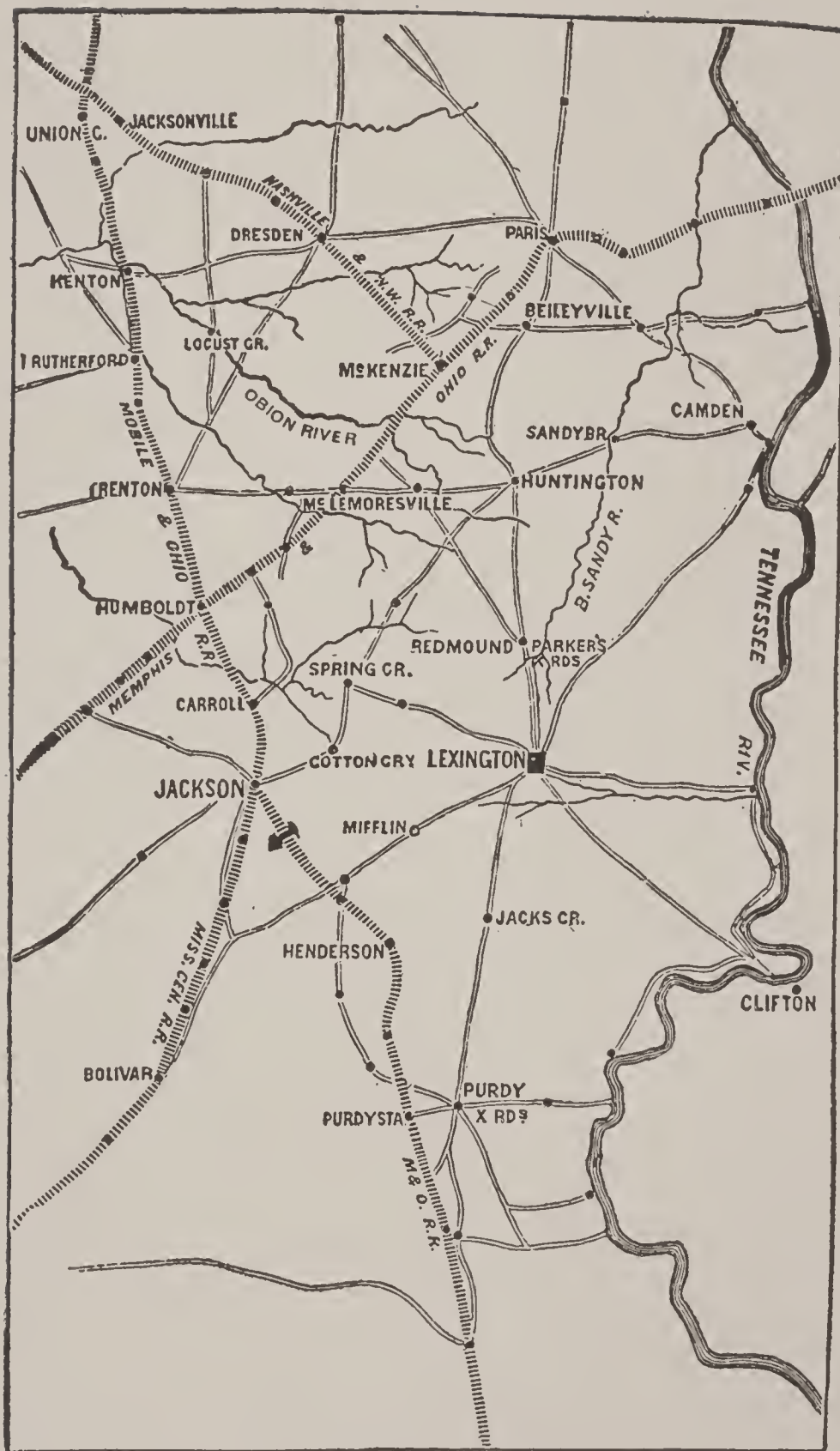
No time could be given to ferrying the horses over—they had to swim. Two men rowed a skiff out from the bank, with a third man holding the bridle of a horse swimming alongside. When the boat had gone a short distance from shore, the herd of horses was driven into the river. There was nothing for the horses to do but swim, and they followed the leader; at one time a thousand of the animals were struggling in the current.

In this manner Forrest carried a force of two thousand men, with two thousand horses, six cannon, his wagon train and captured supplies, across a wide and swift river in the brief space of ten hours. Crossing the river on December 17 and recrossing it two weeks later, he had marched three hundred miles through sleet and rain over bottomless roads, had fought three combats, killed and captured fifteen hundred of the enemy and taken large stores of arms and provisions. Most important of all, he had torn up the railroads in west Tennessee so thoroughly that General Grant was cut off from the North

for several weeks. In fact, Grant was much upset by this attack on his lines of supply and gave up a march he was about to make into Mississippi; after this he used the Mississippi river itself for bringing supplies instead of the railroads, which the raider could tear up at pleasure.

Forrest had two thousand men when he entered west Tennessee. Five hundred soldiers joined him there, and he lost nearly that number in his marching and fighting—far less than the enemy. The Confederate Congress passed a vote of thanks to Brigadier-General Forrest and his men for their work in this raid.

General Wheeler, the Confederate cavalry commander, wished to keep the Northern steamers from going up and down the Cumberland river. In order to do this, it was necessary to retake Fort Donelson, the place lost by the Confederates a year before. Wheeler decided to attack the fort with his cavalry, which included Forrest's brigade. Forrest did not wish to make the attack. He thought that the Southern troops were too few in number and too poorly supplied with powder and balls to capture so strong a fort.



MAP OF RAID IN DECEMBER, 1862

Wheeler believed that the place could be carried by a quick rush from two sides at once. The soldiers were dismounted and placed for the attack, Forrest on one side, General Wharton on the other. Forrest's men charged the earthworks with great bravery, but were driven back by a terrible fire of grapeshot from the Federal cannon. In a second charge the troopers reached some houses close to the fort and then stopped, unable to go farther. The Southern generals, learning that Northern troops were drawing near to aid the garrison, withdrew their men from the attack, which thus ended in a bloody defeat.

That night Wheeler, Wharton, and Forrest met in a wayside house and talked over the failure of the day. Wheeler quietly took the blame; Forrest, who had lost many of his men, was excited and angry.

"General Wheeler," he said, "I advised against this attack and said all that a subordinate officer should have said against it. Nothing you can now say or do will bring back my brave men lying dead or wounded and freezing around that fort to-night. I mean no disrespect to you; you

can have my sword if you wish it; but there is one thing I want to put in that report to General Bragg—tell him that I will be in my coffin before I will fight again under your command.”

Wheeler kept his temper. “General Forrest, he said, “I cannot take your sword, and I greatly regret your determination. As the commanding officer, I take all the blame for this failure.”

The scene was a painful one, but it must have come sooner or later. Forrest was a leader of men, not a follower. It was hard for him who knew his own mind so well to go against his judgment at another's orders. He was always at his best when left his own master. He had opposed the attack on Fort Donelson, and when it ended, as he had expected, in a bloody repulse, his hot temper broke forth. Forrest never again served under Wheeler. When both officers were with the Southern army, one fought on one wing and the other on the opposite flank; when Wheeler went off on his raids, he left Forrest to go his own way.

Brig' a dier - gen er al: the lowest rank of general; the commander of a brigade.

Wag' on train: a long line of wagons carrying supplies.

Brig'ade: a division of an army composed of two or more regiments.

Gar'ri son: a force of soldiers guarding a fort or city.

Sen' tin el: a soldier on guard duty.

Pick'et: a group of cavalry sentinels.

Stock ade': a small fort usually made of logs.

Tres' tle: a railroad bridge.

E quip' ment: articles used in fitting out a body of soldiers.

Grape' shot: balls about the size of large marbles fired from cannon.

Give an account of the work of Forrest as a raider.

Tell of his capture of Murfreesborough and its effect; also of his escape.

Describe Forrest's raid in west Tennessee in December, 1862, and its effect on Grant's plans.

Tell how Forrest showed his skill in getting his troops across the Tennessee river.

Give an account of the attack on Fort Donelson and Forrest's part in it.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE CAPTURE OF STREIGHT

Forrest was now for a time in command of the cavalry with the left wing of Bragg's army under General Earl Van Dorn. Van Dorn and Forrest won a victory over the Federals at Brentwood, Tennessee, killing and capturing more than two thousand of them.

Shortly afterward the two generals quarreled when Van Dorn charged that the cavalry had not turned in all the arms taken at Brentwood. Forrest's temper led him to utter hot words, but Van Dorn apologized and Forrest at once held out his hand. "General Van Dorn and I," he said, "have enough to do fighting the enemies of our country without fighting each other." Shortly afterward Van Dorn was killed.

The spring of 1863 found General Bragg in southern Tennessee opposing the Federal army, now under General Rosecrans. Rosecrans, who was an able and active officer, planned to destroy the railroads in the rear of Bragg's army, which

brought supplies from the south, and so force the Confederates to retreat into Georgia. He chose Colonel Abel Streight to lead the raid.

Streight's force of two thousand men was carried up the Tennessee river to Eastport, Mississippi, on the Alabama State line. His plan was to ride across northern Alabama into Georgia, cutting the railroads back of Chattanooga, Bragg's base of supplies. As the roads were bad and the country hilly, Streight mounted his men on mules in the belief that mules are able to stand greater hardships than horses.

At Eastport, Streight's troubles began. General Roddey, one of Forrest's officers, had done good service in holding back a force of Federals under General Dodge, which was aiding Streight. Some of Roddey's cavalrymen crept up in the night to the great corral where two thousand mules were herded. The mules, restless and uneasy, were braying so loudly that they could be heard for miles. The Confederates stampeded them by yelling and firing guns and pistols. Four hundred mules succeeded in getting out of the camp and scattered in the woods. Half of them were never caught, and Streight had to

wait in Eastport until he could find more mules.

The Federal column left Eastport on April 21, 1863. For several days things went well, though the mule cavalry did not press forward very rapidly. Forrest was elsewhere, unaware of Streight's move to the rear of Bragg's army. On April 28, he learned that two thousand Federal cavalry had passed him moving eastward, and he at once set out in pursuit.

It was in the dead of night that he rode out of camp with twelve hundred men on his long chase of the Federal raiders. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, wetting the soldiers and turning the roads into mud. The night was so dark that the horses could hardly see to find their way. Hour after hour they splashed on through the rain and the deepening mire. All the next day Forrest's men rode on without resting, and by midnight on April 29 they had drawn near the enemy. They knew this by hearing the brays of Streight's two thousand mules.

Early in the morning of April 30, Forrest attacked the Northern raiders as they were mounting the long slope of Sand Mountain. Streight, seeing that he would have to fight, took up a

strong position. His line of battle ran along the crest of a ridge; one wing stretched to the edge of a deep ravine, the other was protected by a marshy run. The mules were in the rear and out of range of the guns. The Federal soldiers, where they lay in the bushes, were hidden from the Confederates as they moved up the road.

When Forrest's men came in sight, the Northern troops rose and poured a deadly volley into their ranks, checking them. Forrest now came up and took command. He dismounted a part of his force to form the center of his line, placing mounted men on both wings. Two cannon were brought up and opened fire on the Federals, while the Southern line charged forward.

The Southerners on horseback rode too far ahead of the dismounted troops and were torn to pieces by the Federal fire. Streight ordered a charge. The Confederates were driven back down the mountain side, and the two cannon fell into the enemy's hands.

Forrest was furious at this repulse. He rode among his soldiers, angrily ordering them in place for another attack. In a few minutes the Southern line again surged forward up the



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BATTLE ON SAND MOUNTAIN

mountain, but only to find the enemy in full retreat. Streight had taken advantage of the Confederate check to gain a little on them in the race.

The Confederates again came up with the raiders on Hog Mountain, just before nightfall. A fierce combat followed. Forrest led his men with desperate courage, fighting the Federals hand-to-hand. The battle went on in the darkness, with no means by which to make out friend or foe but the flashes of carbines and pistols. Forrest had a horse killed under him and two other horses wounded. The Northern troopers at last gave way and fled from the field, leaving behind them the two cannon they had taken from the Confederates in the morning.

By this time Streight had given up all idea of destroying railroads and was thinking only of escape. He set fire to his wagons, to keep them from falling into the hands of the Confederates, and hurried onward. At the Black Warrior river his force had to fight once more, in order to gain a passage of that swift and dangerous stream.

Forrest followed close on his heels. After a

brief rest at the Black Warrior, the Southern leader roused his worn-out men for their fourth successive night ride. He came up with the Federal column again at Black creek. This is a crooked, deep, and sluggish stream with steep banks. There was only one bridge over the creek for miles, and Streight bent every energy to get his men across it and destroy it before the Confederates could come up. If the bridge were burned, he might escape while the Southern cavalry tried to find another crossing-place.

Streight's men crossed and set fire to the bridge just as Forrest, riding at the head of his column, came in sight. The Confederates charged, but the bridge was a mass of flames and plainly past saving. Forrest sat on his horse, not knowing what to do. Was Streight about to escape after all his efforts to capture the Federal raider? It seemed so.

At this moment Forrest learned through a young girl of a ford by which he might be able to cross Black creek. The girl was Emma Sanson, sixteen years old, who lived with her mother and sister in a house near by. Forrest grasped the chance with joy, and the girl took him to the

ford, which was unknown to anyone in his command.

Emma Sanson thus describes the incident: "About eight or nine o'clock in the morning, a



EMMA SANSON

company of men wearing blue uniforms and riding mules and horses galloped past the house and went on to the bridge. Pretty soon a great crowd of them came along, and some of them stopped

at the gate and asked us to bring water. Sister and I each took a bucket of water, and gave it to them at the gate. One of them asked me where my father was.

“I told him he was dead. He asked me if I had any brothers. I told him I had six. He inquired where they were, and I said they were in the Confederate army. ‘Do they think the South will whip?’ ‘They do,’ I said. ‘What do you think about it?’ ‘I think God is on our side and we will win.’

“By this time some of them began to dismount, and we went into the house. They came in and searched for firearms and saddles. They did not find anything but a side-saddle, and one of them cut the skirts off that. Just then some one from the road said in a loud tone, ‘You men bring a chunk of fire with you, and get out of that house.’ The men got the fire in the kitchen and started out, and an officer put a guard around the house, saying, ‘This guard is for your protection.’

“They all soon hurried down to the bridge, and in a few minutes we saw the smoke rising and knew they were burning the bridge. As our

fence extended up to the railing of the bridge, Mother said, 'Come with me and we will pull the rails away, so they will not be destroyed.' As we got to the top of the hill, we saw the rails were already piled on the bridge and were on fire, and the Yankees were in line on the other side guarding it.

"We turned back toward the house and had gone but a few steps when we saw a blue-coat coming at full speed, and behind were some more men on horses. I heard them shout, 'Halt and surrender!' The man stopped, threw up his hand, and handed over his gun. The officer to whom the soldier surrendered said, 'Ladies, do not be alarmed. I am General Forrest: I and my men will protect you from harm.' He then asked, 'Where are the Yankees?'

"Mother said, 'They have set the bridge on fire and are standing in line on the other side. If you go down that hill, they will kill the last one of you.'

"By this time our men had come up and they went out into the fields, and both sides began shooting. We ran to the house—I got there ahead of all. General Forrest dashed up to the



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FORREST AND EMMA SANSON

gate and said to me, 'Can you tell me where I can get across that creek?'

"I told him that I knew of a trail about two hundred yards above the bridge, where our cows used to cross in low water, and that I believed that he could get his men over there—if he would have a saddle put on a horse, I would show him the way. He said, 'There is no time to saddle a horse; get up here behind me.' As he said this he rode close to the bank on the side of the road, and I jumped up behind him.

"Just as we started off, Mother came up out of breath and gasped, 'Emma, what do you mean?' General Forrest said, 'She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men over in time to catch those Yankees. Don't be uneasy. I will bring her back safe.'

"We rode out into a field in which there was a thick undergrowth that protected us for a while from being seen by the Yankees at the bridge or on the other side of the creek. When we got close to the creek, I said, 'General Forrest, I think we had better get off the horse, as we are now where we may be seen.'

"We both got down and crept through the

bushes, and when we reached the ford I happened to be in front. He stepped quickly between me and the enemy, saying, 'I am glad to have you for a pilot, but I am not going to make breastworks of you.' The guns were firing fast by this time, as I pointed out to him where to go in the water and out on the other bank; then we went back towards the house."

Because of her good sense and courage on this day and the great help she gave Forrest, Emma Sanson lives in history as an American heroine and her name is held in honor throughout the South.

Forrest lost no time in crossing the creek at the ford and pressing on in pursuit. Streight, who had hoped to save himself, found the Southern horsemen once more at his heels. Many of Forrest's men had fallen out of the ranks because of broken-down horses, but the Confederates were still advancing; Streight, with twice as many troops, was still retreating.

On May 3, Streight reached Lawrence, where he stopped for rest. So tired were his men that they sank down in the road and fell asleep. Presently Forrest's cavalry came up with the



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LAST STAND OF STREIGHT'S RAIDERS

worn-out raiders. Streight, with great difficulty, aroused his men and got them into position. They fell asleep again, lying in line of battle and under the Confederate fire. Their commander, finding that escape was hopeless, surrendered.

Forrest's victory caused joy all through the South. The Confederate Congress declared that its "thanks are due to General N. B. Forrest and the officers and men of his command for services in the field, and especially for the daring, skill, and perseverance shown in the pursuit and capture of the largely superior forces of the enemy near Rome, Georgia."

A pol' o gize: to ask pardon for a fault.

Cor ral': a fenced yard where cattle or horses are kept.

Stam' pede: to terrify, throw into a panic.

Am' bush: to make an attack when hidden by trees or bushes.

Car' bine: a short gun used by cavalrymen.

Give an account of Streight's raid and Forrest's pursuit.

Tell how Emma Sanson aided Forrest.

Give the result of the raid.

CHAPTER SIX

THE MAJOR-GENERAL

In May, 1863, Forrest was the victim of a personal attack. A young officer who thought that he had been unjustly treated shot the general with a pistol. Forrest was badly wounded, while the young man was fatally hurt in the struggle. When dying, he sent to ask Forrest's forgiveness for the attack. The general not only forgave him but showed great grief over his fate. Hot-tempered as Forrest was, he bore no malice for wrongs done him. His nature was generous and forgiving.

After recovering from this wound, Forrest served with Bragg's army, guarding its flanks and gaining information of Rosecrans' movements. The Federal general was slowly moving forward against Bragg, who stood on the defensive. Bragg gave up Chattanooga, falling back to Dalton, Georgia, where he began to draw his army together for battle.

In September, 1863, the Southern general ad-

vanced suddenly against the Federal army, which was much scattered. Three corps, under McCook, Crittenden, and Thomas, were widely separated from each other, and Bragg moved against each in turn. Something went wrong every time, however, and the Federals escaped. Rosecrans, at last understanding his danger, united his army and took a strong position on Chickamauga creek not far from Chattanooga. Here, on September 18-20, 1863, was fought the battle which was probably the fiercest in American history.

Wheeler commanded the cavalry on Bragg's left wing, and Forrest that on the right. As the country was thickly wooded and hilly, the Southern cavalry served on foot like infantry. On September 19, Forrest led the advance of the Confederate right wing. Although greatly outnumbered by the Federals, who were in force in this section of the field, he pushed the enemy back for some distance.

Forrest was ready to renew the battle at dawn on September 20, but there was a delay on the part of the commanding generals. When the attack was at last made, Forrest led the extreme

right of the Southern line. His well-trained men swept around the left wing of the Federal army as steadily as if on parade.

General D. H. Hill, fresh from Lee's army in Virginia, asked an officer, "What infantry is that?" "That is Forrest's cavalry," was the



FORREST IN 1863

reply. Hill showed great surprise at hearing this and asked to be brought to Forrest. On meeting the cavalry leader, he said, "General Forrest, I wish to congratulate you on those brave men moving across that field like veteran infantry. In Virginia I made myself unpopular with the cavalry because I said that so far I had not seen

a dead man with spurs on. No one can speak in such terms of your troops."

The attack of the Southerners on the left wing of the Federal army under General Thomas forced Rosecrans to withdraw troops from other points to aid the threatened flank. By so doing he left a gap in his line, through which General Longstreet presently poured his troops in thousands. Almost in a moment the whole Federal center and right wing broke and fled in wild disorder. Only the left wing, commanded by Thomas, remained on the field. At nightfall Thomas retreated toward Chattanooga.

Forrest followed the flying enemy almost to that city, hurrying back to urge Bragg to advance without delay. He found Bragg asleep. When awakened and told that his army could easily take Chattanooga and the defeated host, Bragg replied that he had no supplies and that his men could not move without them.

"General Bragg," said Forrest, "we can get all the supplies our army needs in Chattanooga."

Bragg made no answer, and Forrest sadly rode away. Chickamauga, like so many other battles, was a fruitless victory for the Confederates.

A few days later Forrest received an order from the commander, telling him to turn over his troops to General Wheeler. He flew into a violent rage and at once sought Bragg. When the cavalryman strode into his tent, Bragg held out his hand. Forrest, refusing to take it, at once poured forth his anger. He charged the commanding general with trying to interfere with his work and injure him. Bragg arose and left the tent without replying.

Shortly after this, President Jefferson Davis paid a visit to the camp. He talked at length with the generals, all of whom were dissatisfied with Bragg and wished somebody else put in his place. Forrest bluntly said that Bragg was unfit to command an army, that he had let pass a good chance of destroying Rosecrans at Chattanooga. President Davis soothed Forrest by telling him that the country knew of his services and that he would be sent to west Tennessee and Mississippi, away from Bragg.

Forrest now laid a plan before the President which might have led to great results if it had been tried. The cavalry leader wished to take a strong force of horse and artillery to the Mis-

Mississippi river and drive the Federal gunboats and freight steamers from that stream. As the Mississippi was the chief means of carrying supplies to Grant's army, the army might be forced to retreat if traffic on the river were stopped.

Davis decided against the plan and sent Forrest into west Tennessee with a small force to raid and get fresh soldiers. On December 13, 1863, Forrest was made a major-general. He was soon to show the world that he deserved his new rank.

General Grant, having taken Vicksburg and a Confederate army there, planned to send Sherman across Mississippi into Alabama to destroy the great arsenal and workshops at Selma. The movement, if successful, would probably mean the conquest of the two States.

Sherman marched out of Vicksburg, on February 3, 1864, with an army of twenty thousand men, while seven thousand cavalry left Memphis to join him at Meridian. This force, under the command of General William Sooy Smith, reached the Tallahatchie river on February 16.

So far Smith had met with little opposition, for Forrest was not yet on his track. The South-

ern cavalryman had made a raid into Tennessee in December, 1863, passing near Memphis and capturing wagon trains, tearing up railroads and burning towns. He escaped from west Tennessee after doing great harm, bringing with him many new soldiers and a considerable number of prisoners.

Forrest turned to meet Smith's movement as soon as the news of it reached him. Having only a small force with him, he fell back before the enemy's advance. At Okolona the Federal cavalry turned due south into the rich prairie lands of Mississippi. One object of the expedition was to destroy grain, cotton, and houses, and with this purpose in view Smith laid waste the country far and wide.

Near West Point the Federals met a part of Forrest's force; a hot fight followed. Smith had covered more than half the distance between Memphis and Meridian and would soon be in touch with Sherman, who was near the latter place.

He paused, however, when he came to the Sakatonchee swamp and found Forrest on the other side. The stream was difficult to cross in

the face of the Confederates, and Smith made up his mind to retreat. He had begun to grow afraid of Forrest. Leaving a part of his force on the Sakatonchee, he set out on his return march to Memphis.

A funny story is told of Forrest at Sakatonchee swamp. The opposing forces were fighting across the stream. In the midst of the firing, a Confederate soldier, dismounted and hatless, came running past Forrest, making for the rear. The general had little mercy for a coward. Jumping from his horse, he seized the fleeing man, threw him on the ground, and gave him a sound thrashing with a piece of brush. "Now go back to the front and fight," he said. "You might as well be killed there as here, for if you ever run away again you won't get off so easy." The soldier went back to the firing line, a wiser if not a braver man.

As soon as Forrest learned that Smith was retreating, he hurried forward in pursuit. The fighting was fierce. Forrest, who was a fine marksman and good swordsman, fought in the front ranks; he killed a Federal trooper who fired at him and missed. Smith kept up his re-

treat until midnight, when he halted near Okolona.

The pursuers gave him little rest. At day-break of February 22, 1864, the Southerners, dismounted and in line of battle, advanced to the attack. Their leader, riding among the men, was greeted with shouts of welcome. He told them that the Federals were beaten and would not stand a good charge.

The lines of battle stretched out in plain view of each other across the open prairie; the Confederates were far fewer in numbers. At this moment Colonel Robert McCulloch and Colonel Jeffrey Forrest, the general's brother, came on the field with their troops, and Forrest was able to attack the enemy in front and rear. The Federals, after a brief fight, fled from the field.

The retreat soon turned into panic. The Northern soldiers hurried along the road and through the fields on either side of it, paying no attention to the commands of their officers, who tried in vain to stop the flight. The road was choked with the flying mass of men and horses and overturned pieces of artillery.

Seven miles from Okolona, the Federal com-

mander made a stand. He threw up hasty breastworks of fence rails on a ridge called Ivey's Hill and planted his cannon so as to fire along the narrow road by which the Confederates were rapidly approaching.

When Forrest rode up and saw the Federal position on the hilltop, he formed McCulloch's and Jeffrey Forrest's men in line of battle. These rough riders, though only twelve hundred in number and worn-out by the pursuit and fighting, rushed forward eagerly at the sound of the bugle.

They were met by a terrible fire, which killed Jeffrey Forrest and wounded McCulloch. The Confederates were checked and came to a halt. General Forrest, seeing his brother fall, hastened to him, jumped from his horse, and gave way for a few moments to his grief. Then he aroused himself, kissed Jeffrey on the forehead, and went back to his work. Sorrow-stricken though he was, he would not let anything interfere with his duty.

Riding to the front, Forrest made a careful study of the Federal position, in spite of the balls which flew about him. He ordered a part

of his force to mount and ride around to the rear of the enemy—the rest to mount and follow him into the fight. At the head of his men, he rode up the hill and fiercely attacked the Federal line.

The enemy, giving way, fled wildly along the road. Forrest followed at their heels with a small number of his best-mounted troops. Some distance down the road, General Smith formed a line of five hundred men in the attempt to hold the pursuers until the rest of his force could escape. Forrest dashed among the Federals with only a handful of soldiers, and a bloody fight occurred.

One of the Southern officers thus describes the combat: “Putting spurs to my horse, I rode rapidly to the front, and in about a mile, as I rounded a short turn in the road, I came upon a scene which made my blood run cold. There in the road was General Forrest with his escort in a hand-to-hand fight to the death, with Federals enough, it seemed to me, to have pulled them from their horses. Horrified, I turned back down the road to see if help was at hand, and, as good fortune would have it, the head of Mc-

Culloch's brigade was coming in full sweep toward me."

When McCulloch saw his leader struggling in the road against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, he held his wounded hand, dropping blood, high above his head and called on his men to charge. The Federals once more broke in disorder and fled along the road, pursued by McCulloch. Forrest had a horse killed under him in this fight and he is said to have shot three of the enemy.

The Federals made no further stand. They fled back to Memphis, bent only on escaping from Forrest and his raiders. Smith at last reached Memphis, having lost many of his men and having entirely failed in his purpose. His failure caused Sherman to give up his movement against Selma and return to Vicksburg, after laying waste the country around Meridian.

Sherman wrote thus of Smith's expedition: "I explained to him the nature of Forrest and his peculiar force; told him that he was sure to meet the man; that Forrest always attacked with vehemence, and that were Forrest repulsed, he

must assume the offensive and destroy him. When Smith started, he let Forrest head him off and defeat him with an inferior force near West Point, below Okolona."

Con grat' u late: to praise.

Maj' or - gen' er al: an officer next above the rank of brigadier-general.

Ex' pe di' tion: a march made by a force sent for a special purpose.

Ar' se nal: a place where arms are kept and repaired.

Ve' he mence: great force, violence.

Give an account of:

The attempt on Forrest's life.

His part in the battle of Chickamauga.

The plan he laid before President Davis.

General William Sooy Smith's raid into Mississippi and the result.

Give incidents that show different sides of Forrest's character.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE STORMING OF FORT PILLOW

The victory over William Sooy Smith led the Confederate government to increase Forrest's force by sending him some cavalrymen without horses. On March 15, 1864, Forrest started on a raid into west Tennessee. Moving steadily westward, he captured a thousand prisoners and large quantities of supplies. He then turned to attack the Federal garrison at Fort Pillow.

Forty miles north of Memphis a sand bar stretches across the Mississippi from the Arkansas shore nearly over to the Tennessee bank. The river channel hugs the eastern side. A small stream, called Coal creek, empties into the river at this point, and in the angle formed by river and creek, on a high clay bluff, stood Fort Pillow.

The fort consisted of three lines of earthworks, the inmost of which was the strongest. It was an earth wall six feet high and six feet thick, with a ditch in front twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. Along the inner side of the wall

ran a bench on which the garrison could stand to fire over it.

Major Booth was in command of Fort Pillow with five hundred and fifty troops, partly negroes. On April 4, 1864, Forrest wrote from Jackson, Tennessee, to General Polk: "There is a Federal force of five or six hundred at Fort Pillow which I shall attend to in a day or two. They have horses and supplies which we need." Forrest sent General Chalmers ahead of him to begin the siege of the fort. Chalmers, after an all night march of forty miles, reached Fort Pillow and at once attacked the outer line of earthworks. These were taken by his troopers without trouble; the enemy fell back within the second line.

Chalmers now surrounded the fort, so that the Federals could not escape. Colonel Robert McCulloch and his men cautiously approached the second line of works, using logs, stumps, and hillocks as a shelter from the enemy's guns. From behind the trees and stumps the Southern marksmen kept up so deadly a fire that Major Booth and many other Federals were killed. A quick rush of the dismounted horsemen carried



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STORMING OUTER WORKS AT FORT PILLOW

the second line of earthworks. The enemy were driven back behind the last and strongest defense.

When Forrest came on the field, about eleven o'clock in the morning of April 12, 1864, his first act was to increase the number of sharpshooters, who were told to fire at everything showing itself above the wall of the fort. While he was making a study of the ground, his horse was shot and fell on him, bruising him badly. Before the day ended, two other horses were killed under him.

The Confederates, continuing to crawl forward from cover to cover like Indians, reached a ravine near the inner wall of the fort. Here they were safe from the enemy's fire and close enough to the earthwork to make a dash upon it. Forrest now felt sure of success and sought to avoid further bloodshed by asking the garrison to surrender. Raising a white flag, he sent his terms of surrender to the Federals. They refused to yield.

Nothing was left but to take the place by storm. The Southern soldiers were made ready for the attack and told not to pull trigger until

they were inside the work; the sharpshooters were ordered to keep up a hot fire and thus prevent the Federals from raising their heads above the wall to shoot.

At the bugle call, twelve hundred gray soldiers sprang forward with the "rebel yell," crouching low to escape the hail of bullets from the earthwork. Many fell; the rest reached the ditch and were safe for the time under the very wall of the fort.

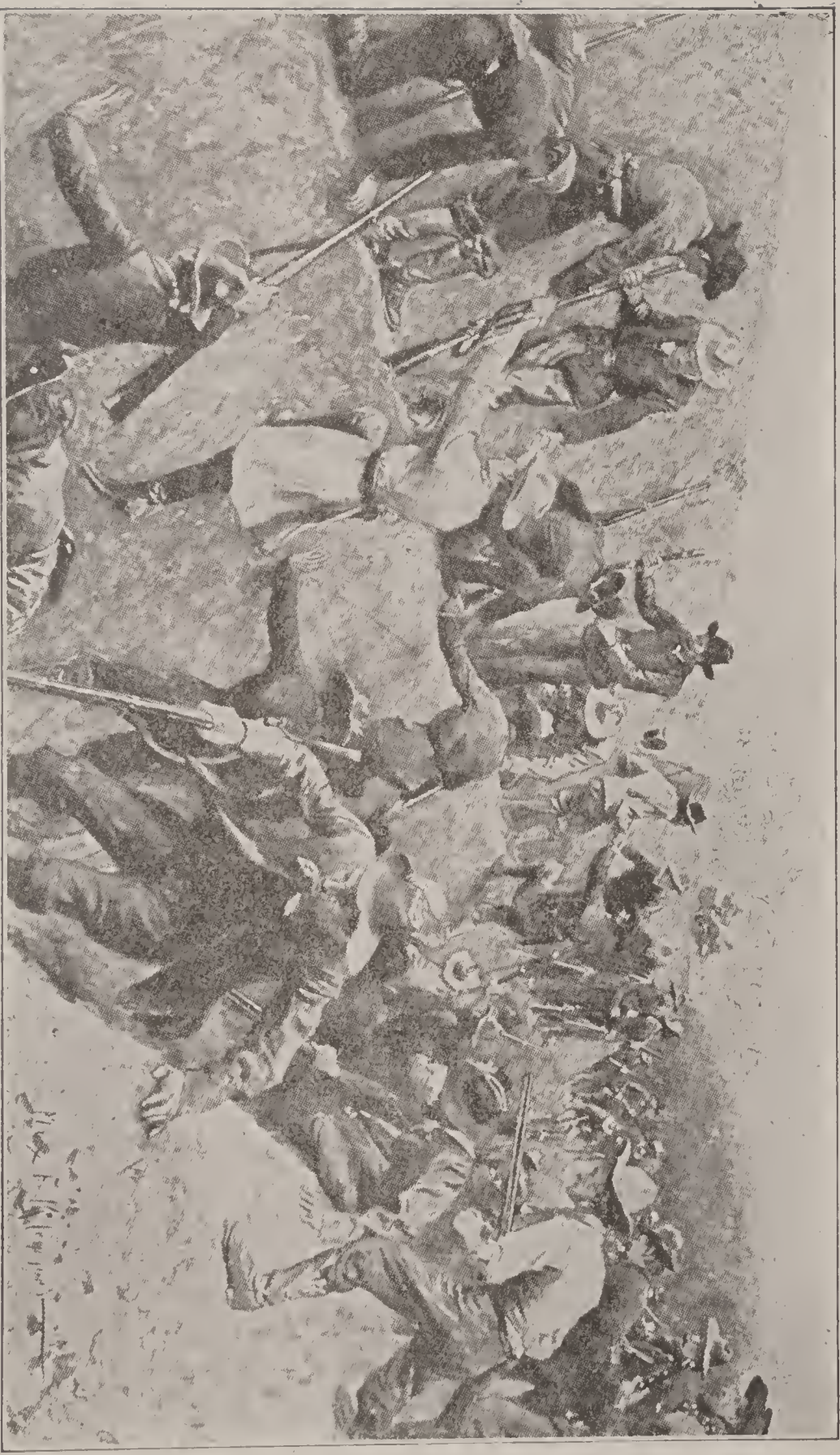
The Confederates found the ditch too wide to leap, and from its bottom to the top of the wall was a sheer climb of fourteen feet. Forrest's raiders, however, proved equal to the need, as they usually did in cases demanding quick thought. They began playing a new kind of leap-frog. While some of the men stooped over, others stepped on their backs and scrambled up the slope of the wall; then those above reached down and pulled their comrades to the top of the ditch. In a few minutes the whole Confederate line, with guns and pistols ready, stood against the outer face of the wall, while the garrison within waited for them to show their heads above the shelter.

There was one long moment of silence—then the Confederates sprang to the top of the wall. A blast of fire as from a furnace met them, striking down many, but the front rank, without faltering, leaped down inside the fort.

A horrible slaughter followed. The Confederates, pressing their pistols against the bodies of the foe in the tight-packed space, shot them down in numbers. The Federals, unable to stand the fire, broke and fled down to the river. Still there was no surrender; the Federal flag still floated over the fort, for it seems that the troops expected aid from a gunboat near by. Some of the garrison threw down their guns and became prisoners. Others, wild with fright or drink, rushed into the river and drowned or were shot by the Confederates who lined the bank.

Many of the white soldiers saved themselves by hiding behind trees or in gullies until the end of the battle. A few of the negro soldiers kept on firing on Forrest's troops after the fort had been captured at every point, and most of these foolhardy men were killed by the enraged cavalrymen.

The scene lasted only a short time. Forrest,



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CONFEDERATES SCALING WALL AT FORT PILLOW

riding up, ordered the firing to cease and at once began to look after the wounded. Owing to the foolish resistance of a part of the garrison after the fort had been stormed and when resistance was hopeless, the Federal loss was heavy. Forrest, on the other hand, had led his men so well that only a few of them were killed or wounded.

The taking of Fort Pillow was a strange feat; a cavalry force almost without artillery had carried a strong earthwork defended by cannon and within a short distance of large bodies of Federal troops. But Forrest's cavalry were used to every kind of warfare: they stormed forts, captured gunboats, and fought as infantry in great battles, besides doing the ordinary work of cavalry.

Forrest has been much blamed for the great loss of life at Fort Pillow. A committee of the United States Congress sought to prove that his men killed many of the Federals after they had surrendered. This is not the case. The records show that Forrest did all in his power to prevent useless bloodshed and that he took good care of the wounded and prisoners. The killing of the negro troops was chiefly due to their fail-

ure to surrender when they were surrounded and at the mercy of the Southern soldiers.

Yet it seems a fact that the Confederates were in an unusually fierce mood when they stormed the fort. It angered them to be opposed by negroes, and, besides, a few days before several of their comrades had been killed by the Federals after surrendering. The battle, therefore, was possibly bloodier than it would otherwise have been. If so, Forrest was not to blame. He was without the fort when the fighting took place; the moment he entered it the struggle ended, and he showed great kindness to the prisoners. He always did this, and many Northern soldiers who were captured by him in the war have borne witness to the good treatment they received at his hands.

Sharp' shooters: marksmen who pick off the enemy one by one.

Feat: a great act or deed.

Describe:

Fort Pillow and its lines of earthwork.

Forrest's plan to take the fort.

The Confederate attack.

Tell of the charge made against Forrest and his men in regard to the great loss of life at Fort Pillow and give the main reason for this bloodshed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE VICTORY OF BRICE'S CROSS-ROADS

In the spring of 1864, Joseph E. Johnston was at the head of the Southern army in place of Bragg, who had been badly beaten by Grant at the battle of Missionary Ridge in November, 1863. Johnston was slowly falling back into Georgia before the advance of a great Federal army under Sherman. The Confederates were worn-out and poorly supplied with food and everything else needed in war, while Sherman led the finest army on the Northern side in the War between the States.

The Federal general feared Johnston, who was a very able soldier, but he was still more afraid of Forrest, the raider. A great army needs vast quantities of food and other things, which are sent to it from some point called the base of supplies. Sherman's supplies were brought to him from the North by the railroads running from Kentucky through middle Tennessee to Georgia. So long as these railroads

were in good order, the Federal army could go forward into Georgia; but if they were destroyed, Sherman would have to retreat.

Sherman was afraid that Forrest would get in his rear and tear up the railroads that supplied his army. He was so anxious to get the Southern raider out of the way that he offered high rank to any of his officers who would go after Forrest and kill him, or at least keep him busy elsewhere. Forrest was raiding again in west Tennessee and doing such damage that Grant, in Virginia, urged Sherman to send troops to drive him back into Mississippi.

Grant, as well as Sherman, was uneasy lest Forrest should turn east into middle Tennessee and attack the all-important railways. So General Samuel G. Sturgis was chosen to undertake the task of keeping Forrest from Sherman's rear. He was given a force of about eight thousand good troops, part infantry, part cavalry.

Sturgis's orders were to tear up the Mobile and Ohio railroad to Tupelo and Okolona, Mississippi, and then return to Memphis. This whole section, called the "granary of the South," was to be utterly destroyed; the grain

was to be cut down, the cattle were to be driven off, and the farmhouses burned. The Federal generals knew that Forrest would attack Sturgis while he was laying waste the country and would thus give Sturgis a good chance to defeat him.

Sturgis, struggling forward through the rain and mud of a wet summer season, reached Ripley in northern Mississippi on June 7, 1864. On the same day the Federal cavalry fought a combat with a part of Forrest's force under General Rucker. The latter at once sent word to his chief of the approach of the Federal column. Two nights later Sturgis went into camp near Brice's Cross-Roads, which was a short distance from Guntown on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. He had something over eight thousand men, with twenty-two pieces of artillery.

Grant's and Sherman's fear of Forrest had not been without reason. On June 1, General Stephen D. Lee, the Confederate commander in Mississippi, had sent Forrest east to destroy the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, one of the lines supplying Sherman's army. Forrest rode from Tupelo to Russellville, in northern Ala-

bama, where a message reached him, on June 3, ordering him back to oppose Sturgis. He at once turned to meet the Federals, overtaking them at Brice's Cross-Roads.

Forrest's force numbered 4,800 men, with twelve cannon. Several of his brigades were worn-out by hard marching from southern Alabama, but all of the troops were eager for battle. He had made up his mind to attack Sturgis, instead of waiting to be attacked.

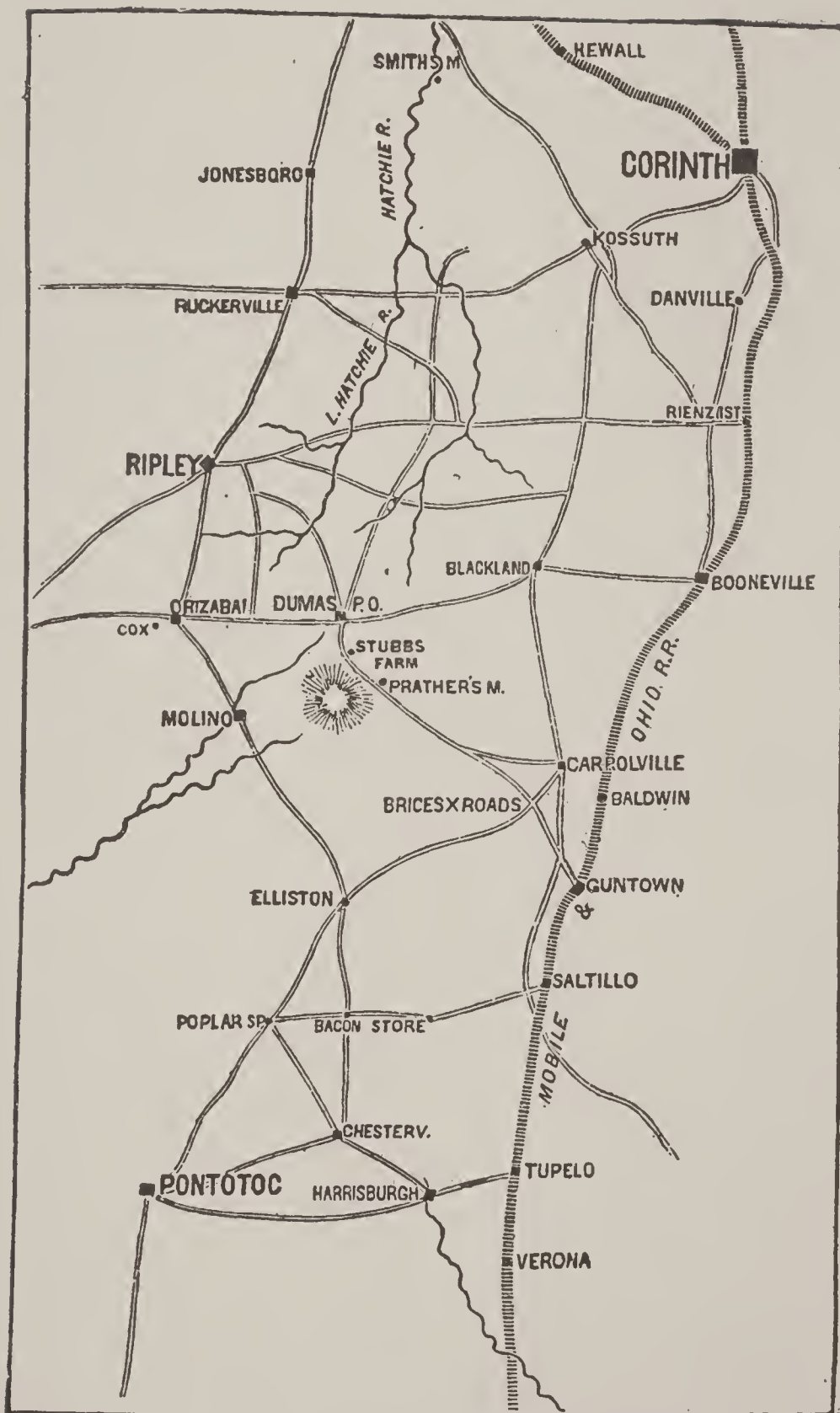
The morning of June 10, 1864, broke hot and steaming after a rainy night. The Confederate troops were on the move at earliest daylight. Forrest, riding up to one of his officers, told him that he was about to fight the Federal force at the cross-roads. "I know they greatly outnumber the troops I have at hand," he said, "but the road along which they will march is narrow and muddy; they will make slow progress. The country is densely wooded and the undergrowth so heavy that when we strike them they will not know how few men we have. Their cavalry will move out ahead of the infantry and should reach the cross-roads three hours in advance. We can whip their cavalry in that time. As

soon as the fighting begins they will send back to have the infantry hurried up. It is going to be very hot, and coming on a run for five or six miles over such roads, their infantry will be so tired that we will ride over them."

While the Southern troops were moving to the cross-roads in the early morning, the Federals still kept in camp. Sturgis knew that Forrest was somewhere ahead and not far away, and that a battle must soon occur. At seven o'clock, when the Federal infantry began their march, it was already sultry and trying to men laden with blankets and guns.

The Federal cavalry, some distance in advance, drove back the Southern outposts along Tishomingo creek and reached Brice's Cross-Roads. At this point the main highway from Memphis to Fulton, Mississippi, crossed a road from Corinth to Pontotoc; the Mobile and Ohio railroad lay only a few miles to the east. With the exception of a small cleared space at the cross-roads, the country was heavily timbered and the undergrowth was so thick that the soldiers forced their way through it with difficulty.

As Forrest had foreseen, the Northern caval-



BRICE'S CROSS-ROADS AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

ry reached the cross-roads while the infantry was still some miles behind, crawling toward the battlefield. The Southern leader had formed his plan of battle to take advantage of this fact; he hoped to defeat the Federal cavalry before the infantry came up and then to beat the latter in turn. He had been able to bring up only a part of his troops and he was outnumbered both by the Northern cavalry and foot. Nevertheless, he moved forward to attack without waiting for the rest of his force. He always liked to attack, saying that he would "give more for fifteen minutes of bulge on the enemy than for a week of tactics."

Forrest made his men dismount, for horses were useless in the dense thickets of black-jack and scrub-oak. The Seventh Tennessee regiment, Chalmers' Mississippi brigade, and W. A. Johnson's Alabamians formed the line of battle. At eleven o'clock in the morning of an intensely hot and breathless day, Forrest rode among his troops, telling them that every man must go forward to the charge the instant they heard the bugle call.

At the sound of the bugle the whole line

sprang forward, careless of the enemy's fire. Rucker, at the head of the gallant Tennesseans, reached the Federals first, where they knelt behind a fence. One of the fiercest and bloodiest fights of the whole war followed. Guns once fired could not be reloaded and were wielded as clubs; pistols and swords were the weapons chiefly used. The two lines of blue and gray swayed back and forth through the thickets, shooting and cutting and hitting—refusing to give way.

But in this hand-to-hand fight the revolvers in the hands of Rucker's men were more than a match for the carbines and sabers of the Northern cavalry. The Federal line broke in the center, while the Alabamians and Mississippians, bravely charging on the sides, swept the enemy from the field. Rucker, who had ridden and fought his way through the Northern line to the other side, was wounded. Sturgis's cavalry had been completely defeated and were flying in disorder.

Forrest had carried out the first part of his plan; he now had to fight the Federal infantry. They were coming up as fast as they could move

along the heavy roads in the intense heat of the June day. The men were worn-out by running and many of them sank down overcome by heat and fatigue; the rest were in poor condition for battle.

But Forrest had no idea of giving them time to rest; he was making ready for the final effort that would win the day. He rode among his soldiers, forming the line for the charge.

The firing had died out on both sides and a tense silence fell on the scrub forest where the battle had raged a little while before. The air was heavy with moisture; not a cloud showed in the blue sky to shield friend or foe from the burning sun. Forrest's soldiers were tired from the first fight, but they were less tired than the Federal infantry after their forced march.

Tyree H. Bell's brigade had just joined Forrest, and the fresh troops were sent to lead the attack. Both the Federal and Southern lines of battle were lying flat on the ground to hide their positions as well as to protect themselves. Bell's Tennesseans now moved slowly forward, with guns trailing and bodies bent close to the earth. The rustling of the leaves gave warn-



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BATTLE OF BRICE'S CROSS-ROADS

ing of their approach, and before they reached the Federal line the bushes burst into flame and smoke as the enemy fired in their very faces.

The fire was so deadly that Bell's men faltered a moment. Forrest, who was just behind them, seeing them waver, leaped from his horse and rushed into the very thickest of the fight, pistol in hand. With their great leader to cheer them on, the Confederates drove back the enemy at this point.

But at another place in the thin line, where Rucker was in command, the Federals made a fierce charge. As the blue infantry came on with fixed bayonets, Rucker shouted to his followers, "Kneel on the ground, men, and draw your six-shooters." Against this living wall, the Federal line struck and rebounded. The Northern soldiers could not break through, and in a hand-to-hand fight the bayonet proved unequal to the revolver.

At this moment the Second Tennessee regiment, under Colonel Barteau, came up behind Sturgis's line. It was now past four o'clock, and Forrest made up his mind to end the battle. He had sent Barteau to get in the enemy's rear;

now that Barteau was in position, the time had come for the final effort. When the bugle sounded again, the whole Confederate line sprang forward as one man toward the Federals, while Barteau attacked them behind. The enemy fired, faltered, then broke in utter rout. Almost in a moment Sturgis's army turned into a mob, bent only on escape.

It was necessary for the beaten troops to cross a bridge over Tishomingo creek a short distance from the battlefield. This bridge became blocked by the overturning of a wagon. When the fleeing soldiers found the wagon in their way, they tried to climb over it, or ran along the banks of the stream seeking a ford. Some of them leaped into the creek and swam across or drowned. Many of the Federals were killed or captured at the bridge; the rest escaped somehow and kept up their flight toward Memphis. Sturgis finally reached that city, having lost three thousand men, two hundred and fifty wagons, eighteen cannon, and large quantities of supplies.

No more splendid victory was won in the whole war than the battle of Brice's Cross-

Roads. But for the fact that it was fought between small armies at a time when the attention of the world was drawn to the movements of Lee and Grant in Virginia and Sherman and Johnston in Georgia, Forrest would have gained great fame. As it was, the Confederate government failed to realize the success he had won over a force twice his own in size.

The overthrow of Sturgis caused anxiety to Grant and Sherman and the government at Washington. Sherman called loudly for aid to keep Forrest from attacking his supply railroads. He wrote to Secretary of War Stanton: "I cannot believe but that Sturgis had troops enough. I know I would have been willing to try the same task with that force; but Forrest is the devil, and I think he has got some of our troops under cower. I have two officers at Memphis who will fight all the time—A. J. Smith and Mower. I will order them to make up a force and follow Forrest to the death, if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the treasury. There never will be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead."

Grant wrote in his *Memoirs*: "Farther west,

also, the troubles were threatening. Some time before Forrest had met Sturgis, in command of some cavalry in Mississippi, and handled him very roughly, gaining a great victory over him. This left Forrest to go almost anywhere he pleased, and to cut the roads in rear of Sherman, who was then advancing."

The Federal generals had learned to fear Forrest as the chief hindrance to their movement into Georgia, while the Confederate government was still ignorant of his genius.

Tac' tics: methods of handling an army in battle.

Re vol' ver: a pistol which shoots six or seven times without reloading.

Sa' ber: a curved sword carried by cavalrymen.

Gen' ius (jēn' yus): great ability.

Tell why Sherman feared Forrest and give his plan to keep the raider occupied.

Give an account of Sturgis's raid.

Describe:

Forrest's plan of battle at Brice's cross-roads.

The first battle.

The second battle.

CHAPTER NINE

THE DEFENSE OF MISSISSIPPI

While Forrest was pursuing Sturgis and fighting the battle of Brice's Cross-Roads, General Johnston had been slowly falling back through the mountains of Georgia before Sherman's advance. He urged upon President Davis the need of striking the railways in the rear of the Federal army, asking that "a force under the most competent officer in America for such service, General N. B. Forrest, be sent against Sherman's lines of supply."

Governor Joseph Brown of Georgia also desired that Forrest be put in command of all the cavalry for the purpose of helping Johnston. President Davis refused. Brown wrote to the President in reply: "I regret that you cannot grant my request. I am satisfied that Sherman's escape with his army would be impossible if ten thousand good cavalry under Forrest were thrown in his rear this side of Chattanooga

and his supplies cut off. The whole country expects this, although points of less importance should be for a time overrun in the destruction of Sherman's supplies. Destroy them, and Atlanta is not only safe, but the destruction of the army under Sherman opens Kentucky and Tennessee to us."

The Confederate government, however, kept Forrest in Mississippi, where he was indeed of great service. But fighting with a small force in defense of a single State, he could not do as much as he might have done if he had been given a large body of horsemen and sent to destroy the railroads in Tennessee, so necessary for the safety of Sherman's host.

Sherman still feared that Forrest would attack him and planned to keep the raider busy in Mississippi. He telegraphed to General McPherson, on June 16, 1864: "I wish to organize as large a force as possible at Memphis, with A. J. Smith or Mower in command, to pursue Forrest, destroying the country over which he has passed, or may pass, and make the people of Tennessee and Mississippi feel that he will bring ruin on any country where he may pass

or tarry. If we do not punish Forrest and the people now, the whole effect of our vast conquest will be lost."

General A. J. Smith and Mower set out from Memphis with 11,500 men. The two generals were among the best officers in the Federal army and their troops were picked soldiers. It was their aim to lay waste the rich prairie country around Okolona and force Forrest to give battle.

The Federal column reached Pontotoc, Mississippi, on July 11, 1864, without meeting much resistance. Near this place, however, fighting began; the Confederate cavalry attacked Smith's forces.

Forrest reached the field the next day, July 12; with him came General Stephen D. Lee, the Confederate commander. As he advanced, the Federals fell back through Pontotoc, seeking a good position to make a stand and fight a battle. All that day and until nine o'clock at night Forrest's men drove the enemy before them, and captured a wagon train. At a point near Harrisburg, General Smith halted and prepared to fight.

The position was a strong one. The Federal line of battle ran along the crest of a low ridge, which was in the center of a large open space. The ground sloped from this summit to a small valley, beyond which the country was broken and wooded. In order to attack the Federals, the Confederates had to mount the low hill and advance across the open field under the full fire of the enemy's cannon, posted on the ridge. Smith threw up breastworks in the night, so that his men would be sheltered from the Southern fire.

In the evening of July 13, Forrest had a very narrow escape from capture. Riding through the woods, with a single aid, to study the enemy's position, he suddenly came in the darkness among the wagons of Smith's army. Forrest started back toward his own lines but had not gone far before he was stopped by two sentinels. In this moment of danger his coolness did not desert him.

"What do you mean by halting your commanding officer?" he angrily asked, passing on by the sentries. They did not find out the trick until the two horsemen had gone some distance.

The sentinels then fired, but Forrest and his companion escaped unhurt.

Generals Lee and Forrest viewed the strong position of the Federals near Harrisburg at daylight on July 14, 1864. Forrest doubted the wisdom of attacking; he wished to fight Smith on more equal terms. Lee, however, said that the battle must be fought at once, that other columns of Federals were moving into Mississippi at several points and would have to be met without delay. Forrest then agreed to fight, though against his judgment. Lee offered him the command of the army, but Forrest would not take it. The Confederates made ready for battle.

It was an intensely hot midsummer day. For weeks so little rain had fallen that the earth was parched and cracked and the brooks had run dry; the roads were deep in dust. The soldiers of both armies had difficulty in finding water to drink.

The Southern army numbered 9,500 men. Forrest was in command of the right wing, General Buford of the left, while Lee took his place in the center.

Lee's plans went badly from the beginning.

The Confederates, instead of attacking together, charged in small bodies at different points. Buford, on the left, was sent against the enemy before Forrest had time to advance on the right.

A Kentucky brigade under Colonel Crossland rushed ahead of Buford's line, as it moved forward, and threw itself on the Northern earthworks. No braver charge was made in the whole war. The Kentuckians advanced for five hundred yards across an open field without cover, swept by two batteries of artillery firing grapeshot. They were struck down in numbers, but they did not falter. When they drew close to the earthworks, four thousand Federal infantry rose and poured a volley into them. Nearly all of the gallant Kentuckians were killed or wounded; the rest escaped to the woods.

In an effort to save Crossland's men, Buford hastened his attack on the right of the Federal line. Bell's Tennesseans were a little behind Mabry's Mississippi brigade, which charged without waiting for them. The Mississippians fought with desperate courage, but suffered almost as much as Crossland's brigade; more than

a third of them fell in the space of a few minutes. Bell now came to their help, but found that he could not take the earthworks.

In the meanwhile, Forrest had ridden to the right of the Southern line, and his troops were pressing forward. They had not come up, however, when Crossland made his charge; and by the time they got in touch with the other attacking forces, the left wing of the army had been torn to pieces. Forrest, therefore, did not make an attack which he knew had no chance of success. He sought Lee, and the two generals decided to bring the battle to an end.

Forrest, throwing up breastworks in the woods, waited for the enemy to advance. Smith, however, had no idea of attacking, as his men were worn-out with heat and fighting. After burning the town of Harrisburg, he set out on his return to Memphis.

Forrest pressed forward in pursuit, and the fighting was fierce. Several of the Southern leaders were shot down, and Forrest himself was wounded in the right foot. A report spread among the soldiers that he had been killed, almost throwing them into a panic. The general,

in order to show his brave men that he was alive, mounted a horse and rode along the line. The troops were wild with joy at seeing their beloved leader still among them.

This wound proved to be the most painful of the many that Forrest suffered in the war. The ball passed through the foot near the base of the great toe and came out in the sole. As the hurt kept him from riding on horseback, he drove in a light buggy, in which a rest was fixed for the wounded foot. It was a strange sight to see a general driving along in a buggy at the head of a column of horsemen, dodging the stumps in the road or anything else that might jolt his foot.

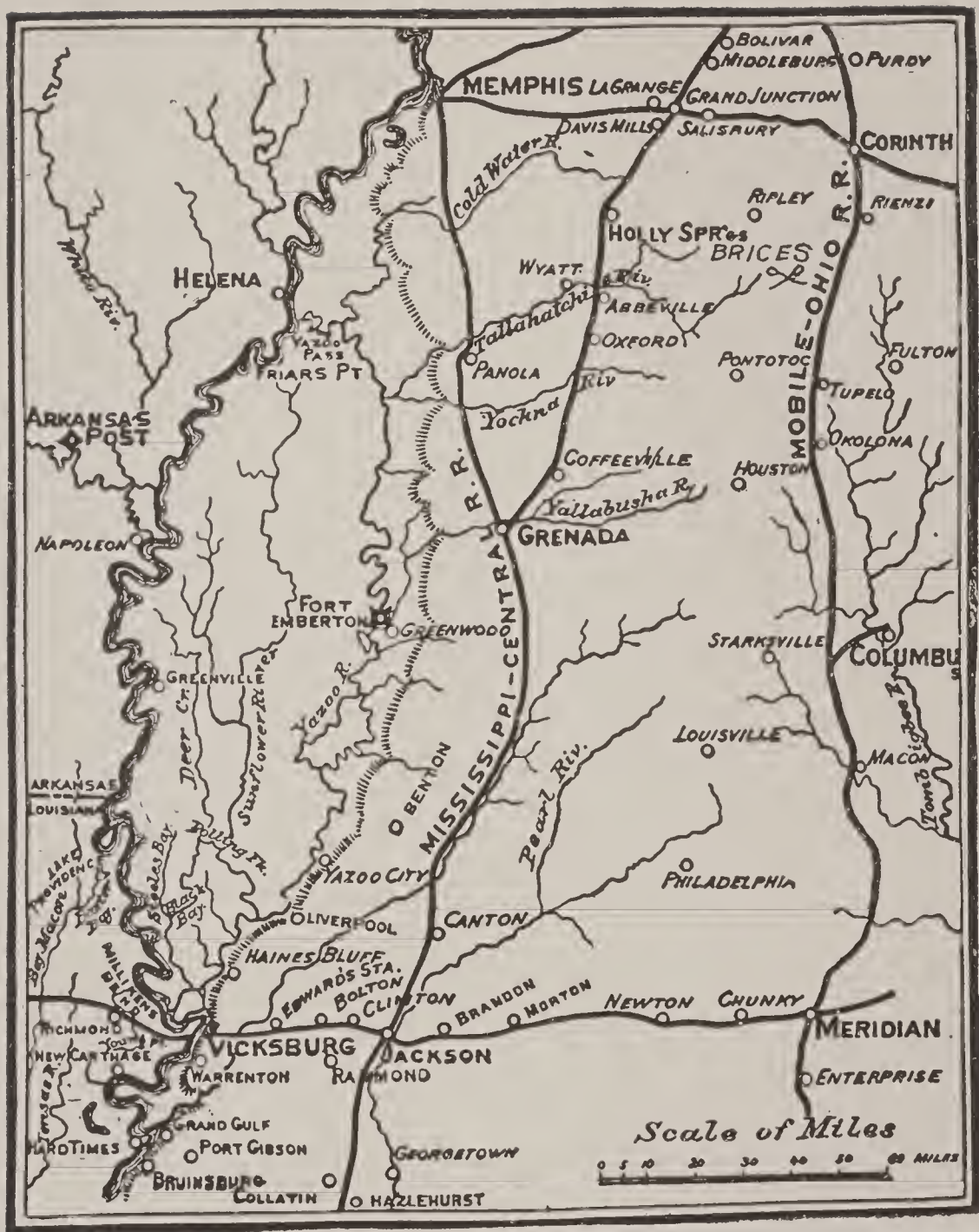
Forrest was planning to attack Sherman's railroads, but the Federal generals had made up their minds to keep him busy by sending raiding columns into Mississippi. Although Smith claimed that he had won a great victory over the Southern cavalryman, Sherman was not satisfied. He telegraphed to one of his officers: "Order Smith to keep after Forrest all the time. I think a few more days will bring matters to a crisis. Johnston is relieved and Hood succeeds

to the command." To General Halleck he sent word: "A. J. Smith has orders to hang on to Forrest and keep him from coming to Tennessee."

Early in August, General Smith set out a second time after Forrest. On this occasion he led a good-sized army of twenty thousand men. Moving his cavalry by road and his infantry by railway, Smith reached the Tallahatchie river between Holly Springs and Oxford on August 9, 1864. He was following the Mississippi Central railroad into the most productive part of the State.

As soon as Forrest heard from General Chalmers of Smith's movement, he started toward Oxford. His horsemen bravely opposed the Federal advance but were too few in number to make a stand and fight a battle. If they had done so, they would have been overwhelmed by the masses of the enemy. It was in the face of such danger, however, that Forrest best showed his genius for war.

Since he could not fight Smith, he must find another way of making him retreat and thereby save Mississippi from ruin. He decided to



WAR MAP OF MISSISSIPPI

strike a bold blow at the Federals somewhere else—a blow which would force them to give up their raid.

Picking out two thousand of his best men, Forrest left Oxford in the night of August 18, riding northward. He hurried onward, in spite of bad roads and swollen rivers. When the column reached Hickahala creek near Senatobia, it found the stream bridgeless and too high to be forded.

There was no time to lose; the success of Forrest's plan depended on his swiftness. Most generals would have had to wait for some kind of a bridge to be built. Not so Forrest; his quick brain soon found a way of crossing. Several tall trees on the creek bank were cut down so that they fell across the stream; these were bound together with grapevines for lack of rope. The novel bridge was then anchored to the stumps on the bank. Meanwhile all the houses along the Hickahala had been stripped of planks to make a flooring for the bridge. Within an hour of Forrest's arrival at the creek, the troops had crossed and were riding on their way.

A similar bridge was thrown over the Cold-

water, a much wider stream, which was crossed in three hours. In spite of all hindrances, Forrest's troopers made such rapid progress that early in the morning of August 21, 1864, they rode into the outskirts of Memphis. The hard, swift march had broken down five hundred horses on the way, leaving only fifteen hundred soldiers in the column.

Memphis was too well-garrisoned by Federal troops to be captured, but Forrest had decided on a very daring feat. This was to make prisoners of three Northern generals of rank then in the city. Forrest thought that this bold stroke would spread terror among the enemy and force Smith to turn back from Mississippi for the defense of the Federal garrisons in Tennessee.

Parties of soldiers were sent to take the Federal generals in their beds. The Southern cavalymen rode straight into the town, shooting down or capturing such Northern soldiers as opposed them; the greater part of the garrison was still in bed. All three of the generals escaped, one of them fleeing from his room in his night clothes.

By this time the Federals were awake and came pouring into the streets in great numbers; there was danger that the small Southern force would be surrounded and captured. Forrest, therefore, withdrew, followed by the enemy's cavalry. Just outside of Memphis a skirmish occurred, in which Forrest shot Colonel Starr, the leader of the Federal horsemen. He reported that he killed or wounded four hundred of the enemy in this attack on Memphis, besides taking three hundred horses and a number of prisoners.

The raid was successful. Smith hastened back to defend Memphis, giving up the expedition into Mississippi. General Maury, who was in command of the Confederates in Alabama, wrote Forrest: "You have saved Mississippi. Come and help Mobile." One of the Federal officers wrote a few days after the raid: "On the 23d of August the whole town was stampeded at about ten o'clock in the morning by a report that Forrest had returned in force and was again in town. It was the most disgraceful affair I have ever seen, and proves that there is want of confidence by the people in our army

and by our army in some of its officers. Forrest was probably thirty miles distant."

Forrest won his victories as much by thinking as by fighting.

Cri' sis: a turning-point.

Tar' ry: to remain for a short time.

Tell of the plans that General Johnston and Governor Brown laid before President Davis, and give Davis's decision.

Describe A. J. Smith's first raid into Mississippi and the battle of Harrisburg.

Describe Smith's second raid and Forrest's plan of defeating it. Give the result.

CHAPTER TEN

THE LAST GREAT RAID

At last, when too late, President Davis saw the advantage of destroying the railroads in middle Tennessee and cutting off Sherman from the North. By this time Sherman had marched so far into Georgia that he no longer needed supplies from the North; he was able to get food for his men from the crops in the barns and fields. The railroads, although still very useful, were not necessary to him.

General John B. Hood had replaced General Johnston in command of the Southern army in Georgia, while General Richard Taylor was at the head of the troops in Alabama and Mississippi. Forrest had urged President Davis to give him leave to cut the Tennessee railroads; Davis left the matter to General Taylor, who met Forrest at Meridian, Mississippi.

Taylor thus describes the cavalryman: "He was a tall, stalwart man, with grayish hair, a mild face, and slow and homely in speech. He was told that I thought Mobile safe for the

present, and that all our energies must be turned to the relief of Hood's army, then west of Atlanta. The only way to do this was to worry Sherman's lines of supply north of the Tennessee river, and he must move his cavalry that way.

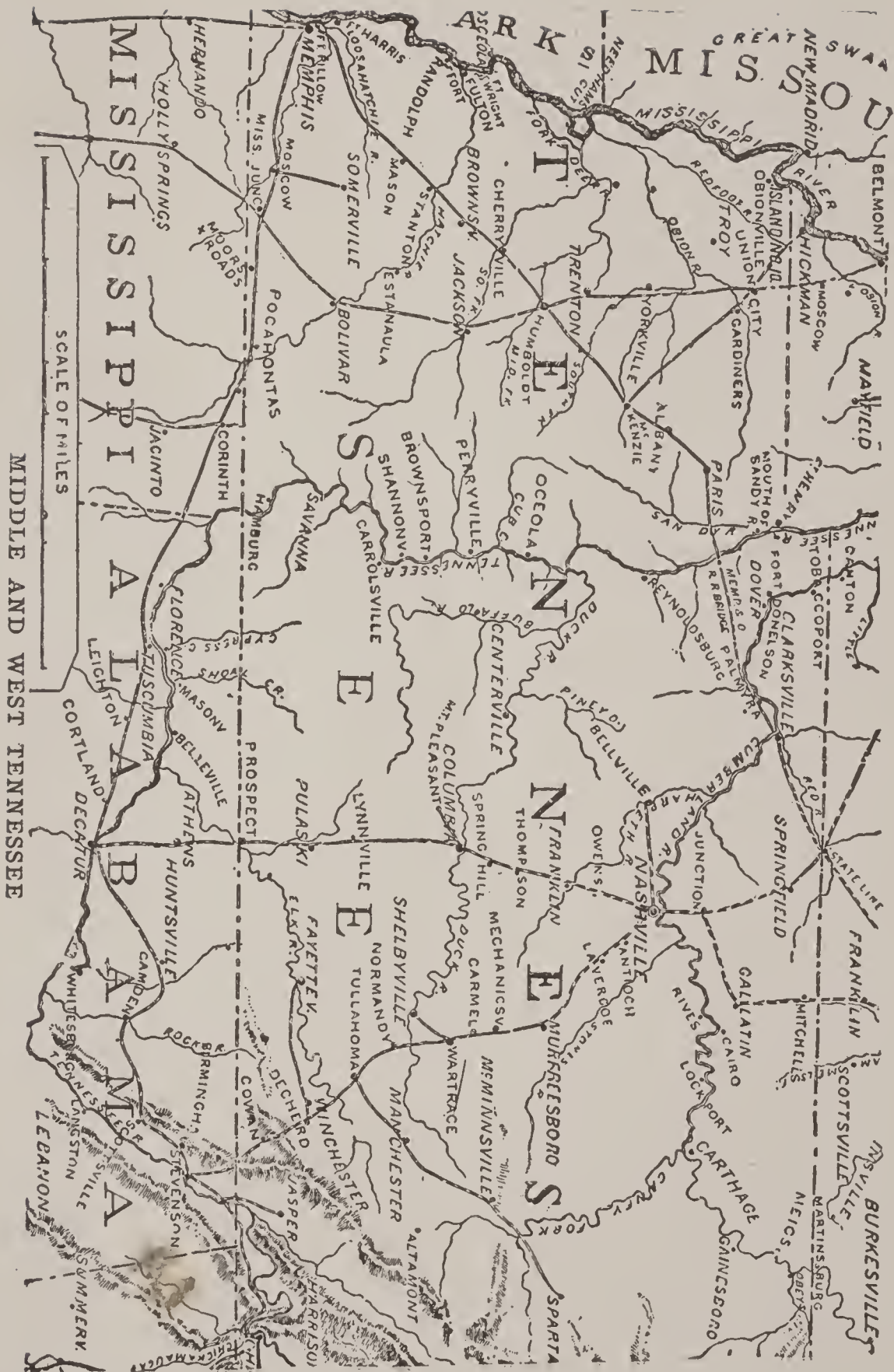
"To my surprise, Forrest asked many questions: how he was to get over the Tennessee; how he was to get back if pressed by the enemy; how he was to be supplied; what should be his line of retreat; what he was to do with prisoners. I began to think he had no stomach for the work; but at last, having separated the chances of success from the causes of failure with the care of a chemist in a laboratory, he rose and asked for Fleming, the manager of the railway. Fleming appeared—a little man on crutches, but with the energy of a giant—and at once stated what he could do in the way of moving supplies on his line. Forrest's whole manner now changed. In a dozen sharp sentences he told his wants, said he would leave an officer to bring up his supplies, asked for an engine to take him north to meet his troops, told me that he would march with the dawn and

hoped to give an account of himself in Tennessee."

On September 21, 1864, Forrest started out on his last great raid. The artillery and wagons were ferried across the Tennessee river at Newport; Forrest himself, with his horsemen, forded the river at Colbert's shoals, where it is about a mile wide. So swiftly did he march that in one day he crossed the broad stream and advanced twenty-five miles on his way. Near Florence, the column was joined by Colonel William A. Johnson with his brigade of Alabamians, bringing Forrest's force to 4,500 men.

Moving on the village of Athens, Alabama, Forrest surrounded it with his troops and drove the Federals into a fort they had built there. Then he opened fire with his cannon on the fort and demanded its surrender; he offered to let two Federal officers see the size of his force.

The enemy sent out the officers, who were taken along the Confederate line. After they had passed a number of dismounted troops, these troops were told to mount and ride around out of sight to the other end of the line. When the two Federals came on them again, they were



sitting their horses at some distance from their first position, and so they were counted twice. The officers went back to the fort, thinking that Forrest had ten thousand men.

The fort surrendered. Thirteen hundred troops, fifty wagons, five hundred horses and two long trains loaded with supplies fell into Forrest's hands. His own loss was very slight.

From Athens, the raider turned to attack a stockade defending the Sulphur Springs trestle on the Alabama and Tennessee railroad. Forrest's quick eye soon saw a ridge which overlooked the stockade. Posting his cannon here, he opened a hot fire on the Federal fort. His horsemen, by a swift dash, reached a sheltered point near the stockade, from which they picked off any Federals who showed their heads over the wall. In a short time the enemy laid down their arms. Forrest took one thousand prisoners, three hundred horses, and a large amount of supplies. The bridge, a hundred yards long, was burned.

Forrest's raid had begun to disturb Grant at Richmond, who telegraphed to Sherman: "It will be better to drive Forrest from middle Ten-

nessee as a first step, and do anything else you may feel your force sufficient for." Sherman replied: "Our armies are much reduced, and if I send back more men I will not be able to threaten Georgia much. There are men enough to the rear to whip Forrest, but they are scattered to defend the road. Can't you hurry the sending to Nashville of the new troops in Indiana and Ohio? They could occupy the forts. Forrest is now lieutenant-general and commands all the enemy's cavalry."

Meanwhile Forrest pushed steadily northward, tearing up rails, burning bridges, and cutting telegraph wires. Near Elkton he captured two thousand runaway slaves and large supplies of food and medicines. The hungry Confederates feasted on dainties, washed down by unlimited quantities of coffee.

Just outside of Pulaski, Forrest found a Federal force awaiting him. The Confederates at once attacked and drove the enemy back for some distance, until they rallied and made a stand. The Federals attempted to outflank the left of the Confederate line, but Forrest defeated this effort with his artillery, which

poured a deadly fire on the advancing Northerners. They then fell back within the breastworks at Pulaski.

After making a careful study of the enemy's earthworks, Forrest decided that they were too strong to attack. At nightfall he had fires lighted, in order to make the Federals think that he was camping there and would renew the fight at daylight. Then, sending a force to destroy the railroad between Pulaski and Columbia, Forrest rode away through the darkness with his men.

On September 29, the Confederate column was nearing Tullahoma, when scouts met it with the news that a large force of the enemy held that town and that numbers of Federal troops were coming by train from Chattanooga and Nashville. In fact, more than thirty thousand men were closing in on Forrest, in the hope of capturing the bold raider.

On September 28, Sherman telegraphed to Grant: "I send back General Thomas to look to Tennessee and have ordered a brigade of the Army of the Tennessee up from Eastport, and the cavalry across to that place from Memphis;

they are to act against the flanks of any force going into Tennessee by way of the fords near Florence. Forrest has got into middle Tennessee, and will, I feel certain, get on my main road to-night or to-morrow." At the same time he sent an order to one of his generals: "I want you to recall General Burbidge and bring together all the troops possible to push Forrest. I send General Thomas up to Stevenson to work from that direction. I can hold Atlanta and my lines of supply back to Chattanooga."

The next day Sherman telegraphed to General Halleck: "I take it for granted that Forrest will cut our roads, but I think we can keep him from making a serious lodgment. His cavalry will travel one hundred miles in less time than ours will ten. . . . I can whip the enemy's infantry, but his cavalry is to be feared." On the same day the Secretary of War sent word to the Governor of Michigan: "There is urgent need that every soldier be hurried forward to Nashville, to guard General Sherman's lines of supply without an hour's delay."

Forrest had now turned southward, to avoid

the heavy columns of Federal troops moving from all sides to overwhelm him. He had given up the idea of destroying the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, but he sent General Buford to tear up the Memphis and Charleston railroad from Huntsville to Decatur.

On his way back to the Tennessee river he destroyed several small forts and railway bridges. One of these bridges was defended by a stockade too strong to be taken without cannon, and Forrest had sent his artillery with Buford. He posted sharpshooters to fire on the fort, while some of his brave cavalymen crept along the bank of the stream with bundles of dry wood and burned the bridge.

On October 5, 1864, Forrest reached Florence, where he found the Tennessee river so swollen by rains as to be unfordable. There were only three ferry-boats, which were kept busy day and night carrying men, arms, supplies, and the weaker horses across the broad river. A column of Federal cavalry rode into Florence while more than a thousand of Forrest's men were still on the north side of the Tennessee a few miles below the town. The



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SHARPSHOOTERS FIRING AT THE FORT

danger was great, but Forrest's brain was never clearer than in this situation.

There is a wooded island near the north bank of the Tennessee river a short distance below Florence. Forrest had the men and supplies ferried across the stream that separated the north side of the river from this island; the horses were made to swim. Within an hour's time, a thousand men and a thousand horses were safely hidden among the trees and bushes on the island. The Federals, lining the north bank of the river, could see nothing through the dense growth on the island; in the meantime the Confederate cavalry were being ferried over the wide stretch of river lying between the southern side of the island and the south shore of the Tennessee. All crossed in safety.

Forrest worked side by side with his men, as was his custom; he never asked them to perform any labor or go into any danger that he did not share. He left the island with the last boat-load of soldiers.

A young officer was standing in the boat, taking no part in rowing it. Forrest said to him, "Why don't you take hold of an oar or pole

and help get the boat across?" The officer replied that he did not think that he was called on to do that kind of work as long as there were privates enough for it. Forrest, who was working with a pole at the time, lost his temper and gave the young officer a slap that knocked him out of the boat into the river. When the man was pulled aboard, dripping and gasping, the general said, "Now get hold of the oars and go to work. If I knock you out of the boat again, I'll let you drown." Forrest believed that every man, officer or private, should be glad to work with hand and brain for the Southern cause.

The raid into northern Alabama and middle Tennessee proved most fruitful. Forrest had killed or wounded a thousand men, had taken two thousand prisoners, had captured hundreds of horses, a number of cannon and vast quantities of stores. He had also done great damage to the railroads. If he had been sent on the raid a few months earlier with a larger force, Sherman's advance to Atlanta would have been checked and might have been stopped altogether.

The Confederacy, however, was now failing

fast. Hood had given battle to Sherman at Atlanta and had been beaten with great loss. No longer able to oppose Sherman's march through Georgia, he planned to strike north into Tennessee in the hope that Sherman would follow him. Hood, therefore, made for the Tennessee river at Florence, where he intended to cross. The Federal troops all over the State were drawn together at Nashville, in order to defend middle Tennessee. This gave Forrest a good chance to raid west Tennessee for supplies.

The raider reached the Tennessee river again in the last days of October. Planting his cannon on the bank at two points some distance apart, he prepared to attack the gunboats and freight steamers that plied busily up and down the great stream.

A steamboat would be allowed to pass the first battery unharmed, only to be fired on and stopped by the second battery; when the vessel turned and started back down the river, the first battery would open fire on it. The steamer, thus caught between the two batteries, could not escape.

The cannon had been in position but a short

time when a large steamer, the *Mazeppa*, came up the river. The *Mazeppa* was struck by several balls and was run ashore on the opposite side of the river from Forrest's force and deserted by its crew. As the Confederates had no boats to take them across, Forrest called for a man to swim the river and board the vessel.

Captain Gracey, of the Third Kentucky regiment, offered to go. Stripping himself of his clothes and strapping a revolver about his neck, the gallant officer took his seat on a driftwood log and paddled across the river with a piece of plank. The ship-captain, who was still on the steamer, gave up when he saw Gracey's pistol. Gracey found a boat, rowed back to his comrades and brought a party of them over to the *Mazeppa*. It proved to be full of blankets, shoes, clothing, and food—things sadly needed by the ragged and half-fed Confederates.

A number of other steamers, several of them gunboats, came into the trap and were captured, and the Federal shipping was almost driven from the Tennessee for a time. Forrest now had a new idea. He put Captain Gracey in command of the captured gunboat *Undine* and

another vessel and sent him down the river toward the town of Johnsonville, where the Federals had gathered vast quantities of supplies.

This was perhaps the strangest feat ever done by horsemen. Gracey's men knew nothing of ships, but they managed to keep the steamers going downstream until they met a fleet of Federal gunboats. A battle followed between the naval cavalrymen and the gunboats, in which the latter were victorious. The Confederates ran their vessels ashore and set them on fire.

Forrest now moved to attack Johnsonville. This place was defended by strong breastworks, manned by a large number of Federal troops. The Confederate commander, knowing that an attempt to storm the earthworks would cost him many men, planted his cannon on a nearby hill and opened fire on the town. The shells set the wooden warehouses afire, and soon supplies of all kinds worth millions of dollars were burning. The loss was very great.

On November 6, Sherman sent word to Grant: "That devil Forrest was down about Johnsonville, making havoc among the gunboats and transports." Several days later Grant

telegraphed to Thomas, in command at Nashville: "So long as Forrest holds Corinth he threatens several important points. Please talk with General Sherman as to the best means of getting rid of him."

Forrest had planned a long and fruitful raid in west Tennessee, but the movement was brought to an end by the fall mud. The roads were so deep in mire that it took sixteen horses to pull a single cannon. Forrest recrossed the Tennessee river from west Tennessee and joined General Hood at Florence, Alabama, on November 18, 1864.

Stal' wart: strong, stoutly-built.

Chem' ist: one who works with chemicals and drugs.

Lab' o ra to' ry: the place where a chemist works.

Give General Taylor's description of Forrest.

Tell of:

Forrest's raid into northern Alabama and middle Tennessee.

His trick to capture the fort at Athens.

His crossing of the Tennessee river with the enemy on the bank.

His treatment of the young officer who would not work.

His attack on the steamboats.

Captain Gracey's capture of a ship.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

HOOD'S RETREAT

Hood put Forrest in command of all the cavalry in his army, numbering some five thousand men. It was a cold season, and the weather grew very bad as Hood advanced into Tennessee with Forrest in front. A Federal officer says: "The Confederate army began its march in weather of great severity. It rained and snowed and hailed and froze. Forrest had come up with his cavalry and led the advance with wonderful energy."

The Southern cavalryman pushed rapidly ahead, driving the Federal horse before him. At Fouché Springs he attacked a force of cavalry much larger than his own, in front and rear, and routed it. So swiftly did he advance that he nearly cut off a Federal brigade from Duck river; the enemy barely escaped in time. Forrest crossed Duck river on November 28 and pressed the Northern cavalry steadily back toward Franklin.

Near Spring Hill, he defeated the Federal horse and sent a body of troops under General Jackson to get in the rear of the Federal infantry column, falling back before Hood, and seize the highway leading to Nashville. Jackson reached the road and made a stout attempt to hold it, but had to give it up for lack of aid. Hood's generals handled his infantry badly, for they should have helped Jackson to cut off the Federal retreat. As it was, the Federal infantry got safely to Franklin and took up a strong position on the top of a steep hill.

After seeing the enemy's position at Franklin, Forrest went to General Hood about mid-day on November 30, 1864. He told the Southern commander that the Federal position was very strong and could be stormed only at great cost of life. Hood replied that he did not think the enemy would make a stand if attacked.

"General Hood," pleaded Forrest, "if you will give me one strong division of infantry with my cavalry, I will agree to flank the Federals from their works in two hours' time."

Hood answered that he had given his orders for the battle and that it must be fought. For-

rest was to place his cavalry on both flanks of the Southern line and to pursue the enemy if they were driven from the field.

The battle of Franklin was the bloodiest struggle of the war for the Confederates in the rate of killed and wounded to the whole number of soldiers under fire; more than a third of them fell in this terrible fight.

The Southern troops charged up a steep hill against breastworks bristling with cannon and held by infantry armed with breech-loading rifles. In spite of bravery never surpassed in the history of war, the Confederates were driven back at most places, though they succeeded in taking a small part of the Federal line. A dozen generals were shot down as they led their men up that deadly height.

While the Confederate infantry tried to storm the ridge, Forrest fought a battle with the Northern cavalry under General Wilson. He crossed the Harpeth river in the hope of cutting off the Federal retreat to Nashville. On hearing of Hood's failure to take the enemy's positions, he recrossed the stream.

Late in the night the Federal army began to

retreat on Nashville. Forrest followed the enemy to that city, raiding around it, capturing small forts and driving steamers from the Cumberland river.

He fought a battle near Murfreesborough and seemed on the point of taking prisoner a strong Federal force, when the infantry fighting under him gave way in disorder. Forrest rode in among them, calling, "Rally, men—for God's sake, rally!"

The soldiers, however, paid no heed to him for once. Forrest, riding up to a fleeing color-bearer, told him to halt. As the man did not stop, the general shot him, dismounted, seized the flag and rallied the soldiers. The Federals fell back into the forts at Murfreesborough, which were too strong to be stormed.

Grant feared that Forrest would force Thomas, the Federal commander at Nashville, to retreat toward Louisville. On December 2, he telegraphed to Thomas: "Is there not danger of Forrest moving down the Cumberland to where he can cross it? It seems to me that you should be getting up your cavalry to look after Forrest; Hood should be attacked where

he is." Thomas replied: "I have no doubt Forrest will try to cross the river, but I am in hopes the gunboats will be able to stop him."

On the morning of December 14, 1864, Forrest crossed Stone river with the view of capturing the enemy's train of supply wagons. Here he learned that Hood was fighting a battle at Nashville and he at once turned to the aid of the Southern army. At nightfall on December 16, the news reached him of Hood's defeat. Hood sent him an earnest message, begging him to come and save the army, which was in great danger.

A part of Forrest's cavalry, under Generals Rucker and Chalmers, fought in the battle of Nashville with splendid courage. At the close of the day, when the Southern infantry were in full flight, Rucker and Chalmers held back Wilson's cavalry and gave Hood the chance to save the wreck of his army. There were few finer things in the war than this gallant stand of the Confederate horsemen, when all was lost and the enemy pressed around them in great masses. Rucker was wounded and captured, but he had done his work.



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DRAGGING CANNON ACROSS DUCK RIVER

Forrest, making such speed as he could, joined Hood at Duck river near Columbia, on December 18. He at once took command of the rearguard of the Southern army. Adding four thousand of Hood's best infantry to his cavalry, he made up a strong force of fighting men. The Federal General Thomas said that while the Confederate army retreated in disorder, "The rearguard was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last."

Some hundreds of the infantry of the rearguard walked the snow-covered roads without shoes. Wrapping rags around their feet, they plodded onward through the snow and sleet; their bloody tracks marked the way. Forrest at last emptied a number of wagons for them to ride in. Whenever a fight was at hand, the barefoot soldiers left the wagons and took their places in the battle-line. As soon as the enemy had been driven back, they climbed into the wagons, and the column moved on.

The weather was terrible. It was bitter cold at times, snowing and sleeting at others. The roads, which froze and thawed, were bottomless. The Southern soldiers, hungry, wet, and with-

out overcoats, suffered greatly; but they did not give up.

The rearguard was almost never out of sight of the enemy; fighting went on day and night. The Northern cavalry, well-fed and well-clothed, followed in overwhelming numbers. Yet Forrest's men—mostly Tennesseans, Alabamians, Mississippians—starving, freezing but always fighting, held back the blue masses and saved Hood's army.

In the last days of the retreat, Forrest turned fiercely on the enemy and defeated them in several fights. On Christmas evening he drove back the Federal cavalry, capturing a cannon. He crossed the Tennessee river on December 27, 1864, behind Hood's army. Thus closed one of the most terrible retreats in history.

Forrest had done his bravest feat; there are few braver on record. But for him it is safe to say that Hood's army would never have reached the Tennessee. When he formed the rearguard and took command of it, there seemed small chance of saving the Southern force. Just behind it came General Wilson with thousands of the finest cavalrymen of the North. The Con-

federates were almost without food, and their horses could scarcely drag the cannon along the muddy roads.

Then Forrest took charge of the army. He pointed out the movements to be made, chose the roads and guided the artillery and wagon trains. He led the rearguard in person, fighting with such skill and courage that Wilson at last gave up the pursuit in despair. By his untiring labors, he brought the army across the Tennessee in safety.

There was gloom among the suffering soldiers, but none in Forrest's heart. When his men were over the Tennessee, he made them a speech in which he spoke of their glorious deeds in the dying year of 1864. He said that they had fought fifty battles, killed and taken sixteen thousand of the enemy, captured two thousand horses, three hundred wagons, many cannon and steamboats, and destroyed two hundred miles of railroad track and \$15,000,000 worth of property.

He said in closing: "Bring with you the soldiers' safest armor—the determination to fight while the enemy is on your soil; to fight as long

as he denies your rights; to fight until freedom shall have been won; to fight for home, children, and all that you hold dear."

The South was beaten, the war was drawing to its close, but Forrest still faced the future with a brave and hopeful heart. Whatever came to pass, he would do his duty to the end.

Di vis' ion: a unit of an army made up of two or more brigades.

Brist' ling: thickly planted.

Breech - loading: a gun loaded at the breech instead of through the muzzle.

Col' or - bear' er: a soldier who carries a flag.

Tell how Forrest almost captured a Federal column at Spring Hill.

Tell of the battle of Franklin and Forrest's advice to Hood.

Give an account of Rucker and Chalmers at the battle of Nashville and of Forrest in the retreat.

Tell of the heroism of his men, and how Forrest encouraged them.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE LAST BATTLE

Forrest had won new glory in the movement which ended in Hood's sad defeat and retreat into Alabama. In the hour of trial, when the Confederacy was everywhere breaking down, his genius shone like a single star in a black night. In January, 1865, the Confederate government made him commander of all the cavalry in Alabama, Mississippi, and east Louisiana. He at once went to work with zeal to fit out his broken-down troops for new battles.

On February 28, 1865, he was made a lieutenant-general. Thus in the closing months of the war, when too late to be of much avail, President Davis gave Forrest high rank and wide power. Starting as a private, he had risen to next to the highest rank in the Confederate army. No other man had been thus advanced.

Forrest had but little time in which to prepare for the defense of Alabama and Mississippi. The Federals, to the number of seventy-

five thousand men, were making ready to attack those States from all sides. The chief danger was General James H. Wilson, who started into Alabama, on March 22, 1865, with about fifteen thousand fine cavalry armed with repeating-rifles. He was making for Selma to destroy the Southern arsenal and workshops in that town.

Forrest was not able to meet Wilson with all his soldiers, for some of them were needed to hold back Federal columns coming from the east. Leaving a part of his troops to face these forces, Forrest turned against Wilson with about two thousand men. He drew up a skilful plan of battle for the use of his officers. A copy of this plan fell into the hands of Wilson, who thus learned just where Forrest had posted his troops.

The Federal commander attacked a part of the Southern force with overwhelming numbers and drove it back. The fight was hand-to-hand and most bloody. Wilson's cavalry made a saber charge at one point. When Forrest saw the troopers riding down on him with their swords raised in the air, he ordered his men to

fire their rifles and then meet the Federal column with drawn pistols. In a moment the Northern soldiers were striking with their sabers at the Confederates, who replied with their revolvers.

Forrest was known to the Federals by description, and they made every effort to kill him. At one time six of them were slashing at him with their sabers. His pistol was struck from his hand and he was in great danger, when a Confederate shot the Federal who was pressing him hardest, giving the general a chance to draw his other revolver. Forrest killed another of the enemy, and the rest were driven off by his men.

While this fight was going on, however, a second column of Federals came up in the rear of the Southerners. Forrest now retreated toward Selma, fighting fiercely and having great difficulty in holding back the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. If it had not been for the desperate courage of his men, he would probably have been killed or taken prisoner.

Forrest fell back into Selma on April 2, 1865, closely followed by Wilson's troops. General

Taylor says: "Forrest appeared, horse and man covered with blood, and said that the enemy were at his heels and that I must move at once to escape capture. I felt anxious for him, but he said he was unhurt and would cut his way through, as most of his men had done, whom he ordered to meet him west of the Cahawba."

The cavalry leader made a last effort to defend Selma. There was one line of earthworks, which ran around the town in horseshoe shape and came to an end on the bank of the Alabama river. Forrest relied chiefly on Armstrong's brigade, numbering fourteen hundred men, which was placed on the left of the line of battle. Roddey's small force was on the right; the center was filled in with militia and citizens, whom Forrest forced to fight. So scanty were the numbers for the long line that there was a space of ten feet between the men as they stood behind the earthworks.

The Federals attacked in the afternoon of April 2. A charge made on Armstrong's position failed with great loss, but the enemy broke through the center of the Southern line, held by

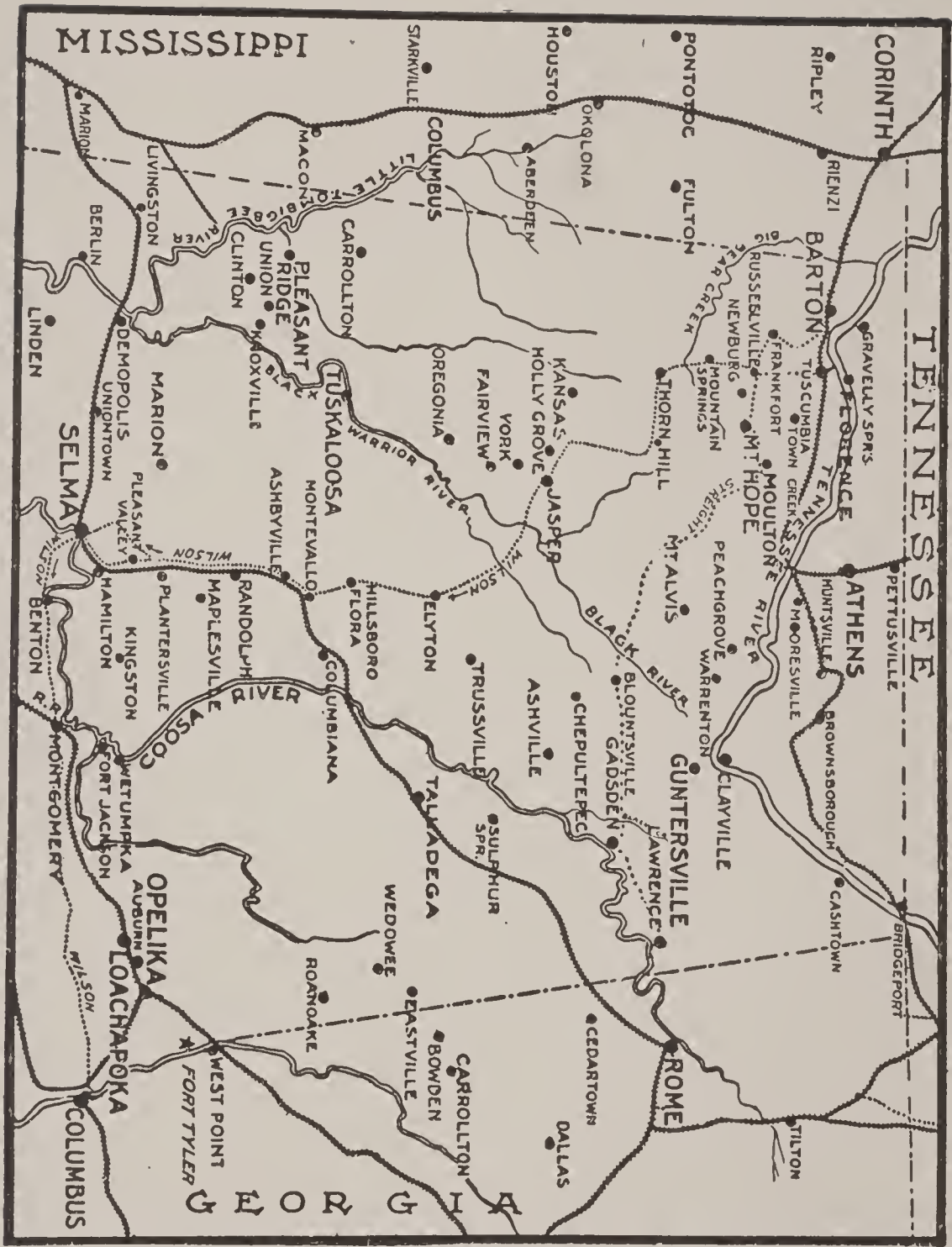
raw militia. A gap was left through which the Federals poured. When the militia gave way, Forrest rushed into the gap, to hold it until Roddey's troops from the right could come to the rescue. The enemy were in such numbers, however, that they pushed forward, forcing both Armstrong and Roddey to fall back.

The Southern cavalry made another brave stand some distance to the rear of the earthworks. Wilson's men charged forward again and carried everything before them. In this fight Armstrong showed great daring, holding back the enemy as the Confederates retreated.

Forrest, seeing that the battle was lost, told his men to mount their horses and escape as best they could. He was one of the last to leave the field and had to fight his way through a column of Wilson's cavalry coming up on the side. In this fierce combat, the last in which he took part, Forrest killed another Federal soldier.

After the defeat at Selma, the general drew together his scattered forces at Marion and then withdrew to Gainesville. Here he heard that General Robert E. Lee had surrendered on

MAP OF STREIGHT'S AND WILSON'S RAIDS



April 9 at Appomattox, in Virginia. Not being sure that the news was true, he told his soldiers on April 25:

“It is the duty of every man to stand firm at his post and true to his colors. Your past services, your gallant and heroic conduct on many fields forbid the thought that you will ever ground your arms except with honor. Duty to your country, to yourselves, and to the gallant dead who have fallen in this great struggle for liberty demand that every man shall continue to do his duty. . . . Keep the name you have so nobly won and leave results to Him who in wisdom controls and governs all things.”

A few days later Forrest heard from General Taylor of Lee's surrender in Virginia and of Johnston's in North Carolina. The war was over. Forrest then told his men that they could fight no longer, that they must go to their homes. General Taylor had surrendered all the Southern troops east of the Mississippi river, among whom Forrest's command was counted. This was on May 9, 1865.

The soldiers were overcome with wonder and grief. Some of them wept like children; others

said that they would not give up. They asked Forrest to lead them across the Mississippi river and continue the war in Texas. Forrest refused, saying that what could not be done east of the Mississippi could not be done in the thinly-settled West.

The soldiers of the Seventh Tennessee cavalry, which had fought through the whole war and won glory in a hundred battles, cut their flag to pieces; each man took a fragment. The flag had been the gift of a young lady in Mississippi, made of her bridal dress, and the men were determined that they would not give it up.

Forrest, in his farewell address, spoke in glowing terms of the services of his men and urged them to be as good citizens in peace as they had proved themselves brave and faithful soldiers. The general stayed in Gainesville until the last of his men had left for their homes. He then started by rail for Memphis.

The train was crowded with soldiers and citizens homeward bound, and the track was in such a state that travel was slow. Near Jackson, Mississippi, the rails spread, bringing the train to a stop.

It seemed likely that the passengers would be kept there for hours, until the cars could be raised and the rails brought together. Forrest, however, at once took command. He was so used to the control of soldiers that it had become his nature to lead.

Ordering the men to leave the train, he soon had them working at levers to raise the cars. The first effort did not succeed, and the general was told that all of the men had not left the cars. At that he boarded the train, calling out loudly, "If you rascals don't get out of here and help get this car on the track, I will throw every one of you through the windows." The laggards tumbled out of the train without delay and were put to work at the levers. In a short time the rails were brought together and the train steamed on its way.

When Forrest reached Memphis, some of his friends urged him to leave the country, as they feared that he would be put in prison in spite of his parole. His reply showed his calm and steady courage:

"This is my country. I am hard at work on my plantation and keeping the terms of my

parole. If the Federal government does not regard it, they will be sorry. I will not go away."

Forrest was not troubled by the Federal government and he went on quietly with the work of clearing and planting his lands. The war was over and he turned to other things.

Lieutenant - general: the rank in an army next to general, the highest grade.

Repeat'ing - ri'fle: a gun which fires a number of shots without reloading.

Mil it' ia (mil ish' a): soldiers who serve at home, who have seen little fighting and are untrained.

Pa role': a promise given by a soldier on surrendering not to fight again.

Tell of Forrest's recognition and promotion.

Describe Wilson's raid and Forrest's plan to defeat it.

Give an account of the battle of Selma.

Describe the last days of Forrest's long fight of four years.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

AFTER THE WAR

Forrest was not the man to grieve or repine because he had fought on the losing side in a great war. He had done his best for the South—no one had done better—but the South had failed to gain a place among the nations. Since this was so, Forrest was willing to become a loyal citizen of the United States and give his best efforts to build up the wasted land.

It might seem strange that a soldier who had moved for four years amidst the most stirring scenes of war should be able to settle down at once to a quiet life. Yet Forrest did this. He lost no time in going to work on his plantation, which greatly needed his labor and care.

In two or three years the plantation was in perfect shape and bringing in a good income. Forrest then turned to a larger field, to a work that was public in its nature. For three years he busied himself with building a railroad from Selma, Alabama, to the Mississippi river. At first he met with success, getting money and

laying tracks. Then a great panic swept the whole country and brought the railroad to an end along with other works of the same kind. The general went back to farming.

While at work on the railroad, Forrest had a quarrel with one of the contractors, in which he used violent language. As was then the custom, the contractor challenged him to fight a duel. Forrest agreed to fight and the preparations were made. Early in the morning of the day set for the duel, the general said to a friend who was with him, "I feel sure I can kill the man, and if I do, I will never forgive myself. I know that he was right in resenting the way I talked to him. I am in the wrong, and I do not feel satisfied about it."

"General Forrest," said the friend, "your courage has never been questioned. If I were you, I should feel it my duty to apologize."

"You are right," said Forrest. "I will do it."

He sought the man he was about to fight, told him that he was in the wrong, and shook hands with him. There was no duel. Forrest never did a braver thing than this, for it takes great courage to admit being in the wrong.

The year 1870 found Tennessee in a very bad condition. The State had been almost ruined by the war and it was now governed by men who led the negroes and were elected to office by their votes. There was much waste of public money and lawlessness; in some parts the white people went in fear of their lives. A secret society called the Ku Klux Klan had been formed to overthrow the negro power and bring the State again under the rule of the white race. This society did some terrible things in carrying out its plan.

General Forrest is thought by many people to have been one of the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan, if not its head. There is no proof of this, however, and he himself said that he took no active part in the deeds of the society. It is, therefore, most unlikely that he was the leader of it.

Forrest spent the last years of his life in working his plantation. He met with such success that he not only made a good living but was able to help many needy Confederate soldiers and families of soldiers. He shared his income with them, and after his death his wife

kept up the good work with great generosity, spending most of the fortune Forrest left her.

Forrest was a devoted father as well as husband. In April, 1865, when full of anxiety about the future, he wrote his son the following letter:

GAINESVILLE, ALA.,

April 15, 1865.

LIEUT. WM. M. FORREST:

My dear Son:

Loving you with all the affection which a fond father can bestow upon a dutiful son, I deem it my duty to give you a few words of advice. Life, as you know, is uncertain at best, and occupying the position I do it is exceedingly hazardous. I may fall at any time, or I may, at no distant day, be an exile in a foreign land, and I desire to address you a few words, which I trust you will remember through life.

You have heretofore been an obedient, dutiful son. You have given your parents but little pain or trouble, and I hope you will strive to profit by any suggestions I may make. I have had a full understanding with your mother as to our future operations in the event the enemy overruns the country. She will acquaint you with our plans and will look to you in the hour of trouble. Be to her a prop and support; she is worthy of all the love you bestow upon her. I know how devoted you are to her, but study her happiness and above and beyond all things, give her no cause for unhappiness. Try to emulate her noble virtues and practice her blameless life. If I have been wicked and sinful myself, it would rejoice my

heart to see you leading the Christian life which has adorned your mother.

What I most desire of you, my son, is never to gamble or swear. These are baneful vices, and I trust you will never practice either. As I grow older I see the folly of these two vices, and beg that you will never engage in them. Your life heretofore has been elevated and characterized by a high-toned morality, and I trust your name will never be stained by the practice of those vices which have blighted the prospects of some of the most prominent youth of our country.

Be honest, be truthful, in all your dealings with the world. Be cautious in the selection of your friends. Shun the society of the low and vulgar. Strive to elevate your character and to take a high and honorable position in society. You are my only child, the pride and hope of my life. You have fine intellect, talent of the highest order. I have watched your entrance upon the threshold of manhood and life with all the admiration of a proud father, and I trust your future career will be an honor to yourself and a solace to my declining years. If we meet no more on earth, I hope you will keep this letter prominently before you and remember it as coming from

Your affectionate father,

N. B. FORREST.

Ten years after the war the general's health gave way. The four hard years of struggle had undermined his iron strength. He had marched and fought and worked for days and nights at a time, giving himself wholly to the cause he

served. He now had to pay the price of over-work.

As his health failed, Forrest changed greatly. Hot-tempered, wilful, strong in body and mind as he had always been, he was, nevertheless, a very tender man. This tenderness came out in him with the approach of death. General Wheeler said of him about this time: "Every suggestion of harshness had gone from his face, and he seemed to have in these last days the gentleness of expression, the voice and manner of a woman."

He joined the church not long before the end. He said to General John T. Morgan: "General, I am broken in health and in spirit, and have not long to live. My life has been a battle from the start. It was a fight to make a livelihood for those dependent on me in my younger days, and an independence for myself when I grew up to manhood, as well as in the terrible struggle of the Civil War. I have seen too much of violence, and I want to close my days at peace with all the world, as I am now at peace with my Maker."

Forrest's last appearance in public was at a

reunion of the Seventh Tennessee cavalry, on September 21, 1877. He was called on for a speech as he sat his horse, and, without dismounting, he made a talk to his men:

“Soldiers of the Seventh Tennessee cavalry, ladies, and gentlemen: I name the soldiers first because I love them best. I am very much pleased to meet them here to-day. I love the gallant men with whom I served in the war. You can hardly realize what must pass through a commander’s mind when called upon to meet in reunion the brave spirits, who, through four years of war and bloodshed, fought fearlessly for a cause that they thought right, and wno, even when they foresaw, as we did, that the war must close in disaster, yet did not quail but fought as boldly and stubbornly in their last battles as in their first.

“Nor do I forget those gallant spirits who sleep coldly in death upon the many bloody battlefields of the war. I love them, too, and honor their memory. I have often been called to the side of those who had been struck down in the battle, and they would put their arms around my neck, draw me down to them and

say, 'General, I have fought my last battle and will soon be gone. I want you to remember my wife and children and take care of them.' Comrades, I have remembered their wives and little ones and have taken care of them, and I want every one of you to remember them also and join with me in the labor of love.

"Comrades, through the years of bloodshed and weary marches, you were tried and true soldiers. So through the years of peace you have been good citizens; and now that we are again united under the old flag, I love it as I did in the days of my youth, and I feel sure that you also love it. Yes, I love and honor the old flag as much as those who followed it on the other side; and I am sure that I but express your feelings when I say that should our country demand our services, you would follow me to battle as eagerly under that banner as ever you followed me in our late war. It was thought by some that our social reunions were wrong, that they would be represented to the North as an evidence that we were again ready to break out into civil war. But I think that they are right and proper; we will show our countrymen by

our conduct that brave soldiers are always good citizens and law-abiding and loyal men.

“Soldiers, I was afraid that I would not be able to be with you to-day, but I could not bear the thought of not meeting you here, and I will always try to meet with you in the future. I hope that you will continue to come together from year to year, and bring your wives and children with you. Let them and the children who may come after enjoy the pleasure of your reunions.”

The best of care could not preserve Forrest's life longer. He died at Memphis, on October 29, 1877, at the age of fifty-six.

His death caused great grief throughout the South, and especially in those States he had defended in so many battles and marches. Ex-President Davis and other noted Confederates came to his funeral and followed his body to its resting-place in the beautiful Elmwood Cemetery.

As they drove along in the funeral procession, Governor Porter of Tennessee said to Mr. Davis: “History has given to General Forrest the first place as a cavalry leader in the War

between the States and has named him as one of the half-dozen great soldiers of the country."

"I agree with you," replied Mr. Davis. "The trouble was that the generals commanding in the Southwest never saw what was in Forrest until it was too late. Their judgment was that he was a bold raider and rider. I was misled by them, and I never knew how to measure him until I read his reports of his movement across the Tennessee river in 1864."

In such words the Southern President admitted that much more might have been done for the cause if Forrest's genius had been understood and the great cavalry leader given wider power and more troops.

Chal' lenge: to dare, to invite to fight.

Pan' ic: in this case, a sudden stoppage of business due to widespread money troubles.

Give an account of Forrest's life after the war—his private and his public work.

Tell what side of Forrest's character was brought out by the quarrel with his contractor.

Describe Forrest's last days.

Give the words of praise spoken by Governor Porter and President Davis.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE MILITARY GENIUS

Great soldiers are seldom self-made men—that is, they usually enjoy the advantages of education and early training. In order to rise to high rank in war, a man must have a kind of knowledge that cannot be gained in the ordinary pursuits of life. It is learned in a military school, or by serving in war. Nearly all great American soldiers passed through a long period of training before they did the deeds that brought them rank and fame—as, for instance, Washington, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson.

Nathan B. Forrest, however, was a soldier who won great victories and did wonderful deeds without any military training and almost without education. In his case we say that genius was inborn, and at once showed itself when the chance came. “Forrest,” said a writer, “was born a soldier as some men are born poets.” The simple farmer and business man, who knew nothing of war when the call to

arms came in 1861, proved to be one of the ablest generals in the War between the States.

The great things he did are better understood to-day than ever before; the fame of Nathan B. Forrest has grown steadily with the years. At first he was not so well known as Lee, Jackson, Grant, and Sherman, because he never led a great army, but as time passes his glory has come to rival that of those famous generals. Many students of war think that he was one of the greatest cavalry leaders of all history.

General Sherman said of him: "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man the Civil War produced on either side. In the first place, he was uneducated while Jackson and Sheridan and other leaders were soldiers by calling. He never read a military book in his life, but he had a genius for war. There was no way by which I could tell what Forrest was up to. He seemed always to know what I intended to do, while I am free to confess I could never tell what he was trying to do."

General Joseph E. Johnston was once asked who he thought was the greatest soldier of the War between the States. "Forrest," he said

promptly. "If he had had the advantages of a military education, he would have been the great central figure of the Civil War."

Lord Wolseley, the English general, wrote thus of him: "Forrest had no knowledge of military history to tell him how he should act, what he should aim at, and what plans he should make. He did not know what other generals in former wars had done in similar conditions. What he lacked in book lore was largely made up for by the soundness of his judgment, and by his power of thinking under fire and when greatly fatigued. Panic found no resting-place in that calm brain of his, and no danger made his spirit afraid. He was nature's soldier."

Another time Wolseley said: "Forrest fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that struggle deserves better of her; and as long as the deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing them, the name of this gallant general will be remembered with love and admiration."

Forrest's genius for war is shown by the fact



FORREST MONUMENT AT MEMPHIS

that he found out for himself the great rule laid down by Napoleon. Napoleon said, "War is the art of being stronger than the enemy at a given point." When Forrest was once asked how he won his victories, he answered, "I got there first with the most men." He meant that in spite of the fact that he was nearly always outnumbered in battle he frequently had the strongest force at the deciding point.

Several monuments have been put up in memory of the famous cavalry leader. The best known of them is probably that at Memphis, Tennessee. Here, in his own home city, looking out over the rich and prosperous State for which he fought so bravely, stands the figure of the great Tennessean.

Tell what you know of Forrest as a military genius.

How was Forrest regarded by Sherman? by Johnston? by Lord Wolseley?

WAR POEMS

A BALLAD OF EMMA SANSON

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

The courage of man is one thing, but that of a maid is
more,
For blood is blood, and death is death, and grim is the
battle gore,
And the rose that blooms, tho' blistered by the sleet of
an open sky,
Is fairer than its sisters are
Who sleep in the hothouse nigh.

Word came up to Forrest that Streight was on a raid—
Two thousand booted bayonets were riding down the
glade.
Eight thousand were before him—he was holding Dodge
at bay,
But he turned on his heels like the twist of a steel,
And was off at the break of day.

* * * * *

A fight to the death in the valley, and a fight to the
death on the hill,
But still Streight thunder'd southward, and Forrest fol-
lowed still.

And the goaded hollows bellow'd to the bay of the rebel
gun—

For Forrest was hot as a solid shot
When its flight is just begun.

* * * * *

A midnight fight on the mountain, and a daybreak fight
in the glen,

And when Streight stopped for water he had lost three
hundred men.

But he gained the bridge at the river and planted his
batteries there,

And the halt of the gray was a hound at bay,
And the blue—a wolf in his lair.

And out from the bridge at the river a white heat light-
ning came,

Like the hungry tongues of a forest fire, with the autumn
woods aflame;

And the death-smoke burst above them, and the death-
heat blazed below,

But the men in gray cheered the smoke away,
And bared their breast to the blow.

“To the ford! To the ford!” rang the bugle—“and flank
the enemy out!”

And quick to the right the gray lines wheel and answer
with a shout.

But the river was mad and swollen—to left—to right—
no ford—

And still the sting of the maddened thing
At the bridge, and still the goad.

Then out from a nearby cabin a mountain maiden came,
Her cheeks were banks of snowdrifts, but her eyes were
 skies of flame,
And she drew her sunbonnet closer as the bullets whis-
 pered low—
(Lovers of lead), and one of them said:
“I’ll clip a curl as I go!”

Straight through the blistering bullets she fled like a
 hunted doe,
While the hound-guns down at the river bayed in her
 wake below.
And around, their hot breath shifted, and behind, their
 pattering feet,
But still she fled through the thunder red,
And still through the lightning sleet.

And she stood at the General’s stirrup; flushed as a
 mountain rose,
When the sun looks down in the morning, and the gray
 mist upward goes.
She stood at the General’s stirrup and this was all she
 said:
“I’ll lead the way to the ford to-day—
I’m a girl; but I’m not afraid!”

How the gray troops thronged around her! And then
 the rebel yell—
With that brave girl to lead them they would storm the
 gates of hell!
And they toss her behind the General, and again the
 echoes woke,

For she clung to him there with her floating hair,
As the wild vine clings to the oak.

Down through the bullets she led them, down through
an unused road,
And, when the General dismounted to use his glass on
the ford,
She spread her skirts before him (the troopers gave a
cheer):
“Better get behind me, General,
For the bullets will hit you here!”

And then the balls came singing and ringing quick and
hot,
But the gray troops gave them ball for ball and answer
shot for shot.
“They have riddled your skirt,” the General said, “I
must take you out of this din.”
“Oh, that’s all right,” she answered light—
“They are wounding my crinoline!”

And then, in a blaze of beauty, her sunbonnet off she
took,
Right in the front she waved it high and at their lines
it shook.
And the gallant bluecoats cheered her—ceased firing to
a man,
And the graycoats rode through the bloody ford,
And again the race began.

LITTLE GIFFEN

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!),
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

“Take him and welcome!” the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And laid him down on a wholesome bed,—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with 'bated breath,—
Skeleton Boy, against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
Dear mother, at first, of course; and then
Dear captain, inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: “Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive.”

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
“I’ll write, if spared!” There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I’d give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For “Little Giffen,” of Tennessee.

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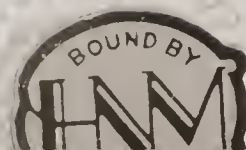
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